Vol. CXXXVIII, No 1794

THE BYSTANDER, MAY 4, 1938

The BYSTANDER

FLYING NUMBER

1/=

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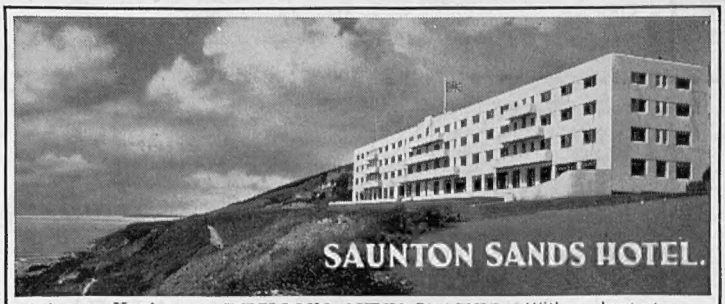

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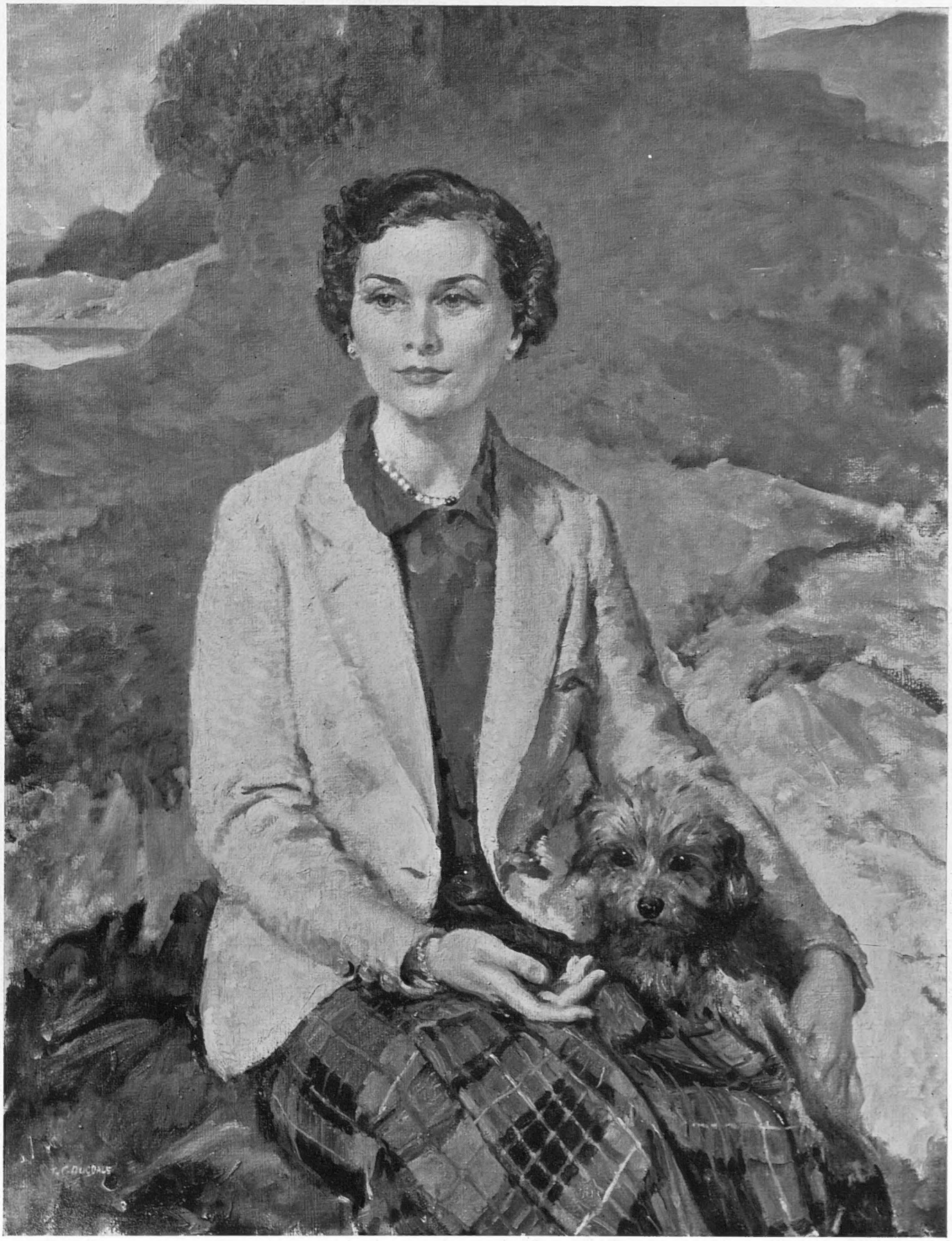
The Bystander



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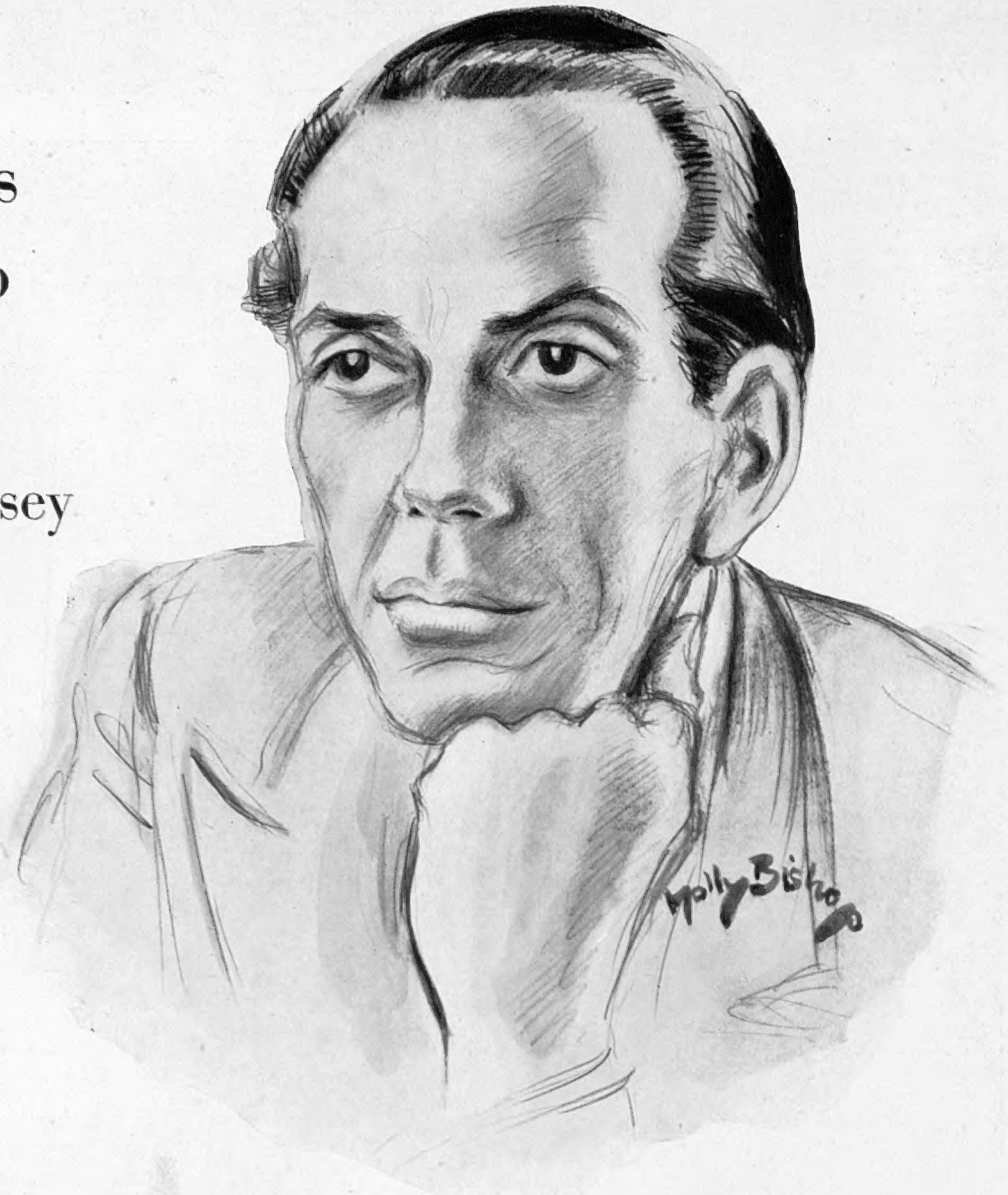
H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester

From the portrait by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., in this year's Academy

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 69

Raymond Massey



RAYMOND MASSEY is on top of the world. He is starring in *Idiot's Delight*, of which he is joint-backer. He is playing a leading part in the pre-release of *The Drum*. He is also generally released in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. To many people his sympathetic part in *Idiot's Delight* comes as a surprise after the saturnine roles he has played on the screen ever since he was Chauvelin in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. And yet he did a soft-shoe song-and-dance as long ago as 1919. Admittedly few of us saw him. For that was when his outfit was attached to General Koltchak, the White Russian leader, in Siberia.

Born in Toronto forty-two years ago, it looked as though he was destined to end his days in the family farm-implement factory. But the war (Canadian Field Artillery and wounds in the head and side), coupled with Balliol College, Oxford (he rowed in the boat), enabled him to break down the parental opposition to his stage ambitions. At that he returned to Canada and assembled farm implements for a while, until he finally became the embodiment of his father's own frustrated interest in show business, and received permission to go on the stage, providing that he never acted or rehearsed on a Sunday. So he returned to England, played a bit at the Everyman, and was actually in *St. Joan* when his seventy-year-old father saw him and was so captivated by G. B. S.'s masterpiece that he gave him permission to go on being an actor, even if it meant doing it all over Sunday.

Even as a youth, "Ray" was an "emaciator," the brilliant noun coined by Noel Coward to describe actors like himself with creased smiles and lean stomachs. To-day Raymond Massey is 6 ft. 2 in., and weighs under 11 st. If you would like to hear the milestones of his career (providing milestones are audible), here they are. He was James Bebb, the boy with the gramophone, in *At Mrs. Beam's*. Then Sybil Thorndike took him under her wing and in one year he played in forty Sunday shows, getting experience and showing that he was willing. To-day repertory does that kind of thing for you automatically. . . . Then came *The Man in Possession* and *Spreadeagle*. The latter was a flop, but Ray's Joe Cobb attracted acute attention. After that it was fairly easy. But how he hates having to play the villain . . . and he has long ago forgotten how often and how he has been killed on the stage. At least, though, Korda has promised to let him be the hero in the next film he plays.

In the meantime he has a three-year plan which precludes films altogether. *Idiot's Delight* will run at least a year, after which he is going to play a hayseed Abraham Lincoln in a play written by Robert Sherwood, the 6 ft. 8 in. American dramatist, whom he admires more than anyone else in the world. And that, according to Ray, ought to run at least two years, with perhaps a film to follow.

TO-DAY he commutes between Ovington Square, the West End, and Horsham, where he has one of the only two real skittle-alleys in Great Britain (the other being in Pall Mall). Skittles is his favourite sport, with croquet second; just as Helen Hayes is the actress whom he would like most to play opposite. Whisky is his tipple. Twisting a piece of hair at the back of his head is his chief mannerism—so much so, that he has to wear a hat at rehearsals to curb himself. His biggest bugbear is the national theatre. Being a real low-brow, he regards it as the height of fatuity, like me. I know he is a low-brow, anyway, because he chased the present Master of Balliol all over college with a horsewhip as an undergraduate. To document him further, he is the brother of the High Commissioner for Canada; the husband of Adrianne Allen; a bad, fairly enthusiastic golfer; a member of the Garrick, Bath and Buck's; quite unsuperstitious; always mindful that the theatre is merely the old medicine-show with a few more frills; and, in fact, a very nice chap indeed, despite the sinister quality he puts with such accomplished ease across the screen or footlights.

Charles Graves

Let Us Now Paint Famous Men

The subjects of the three Royal Academy portraits on this page are the foremost in their own spheres in the country. Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, who was awarded the Order of Merit in 1935, is a biochemist and holds the Chair of this subject at Cambridge. He is an honorary Doctor of Science at eleven universities. Sir John Simon is seen in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as which he presented his first Budget last week. Mr. John Masefield, who received his O.M. in the same year as Professor Hopkins, is the Poet Laureate. Other pictures from the Royal Academy appear on pp. 159, 175, 176, 177

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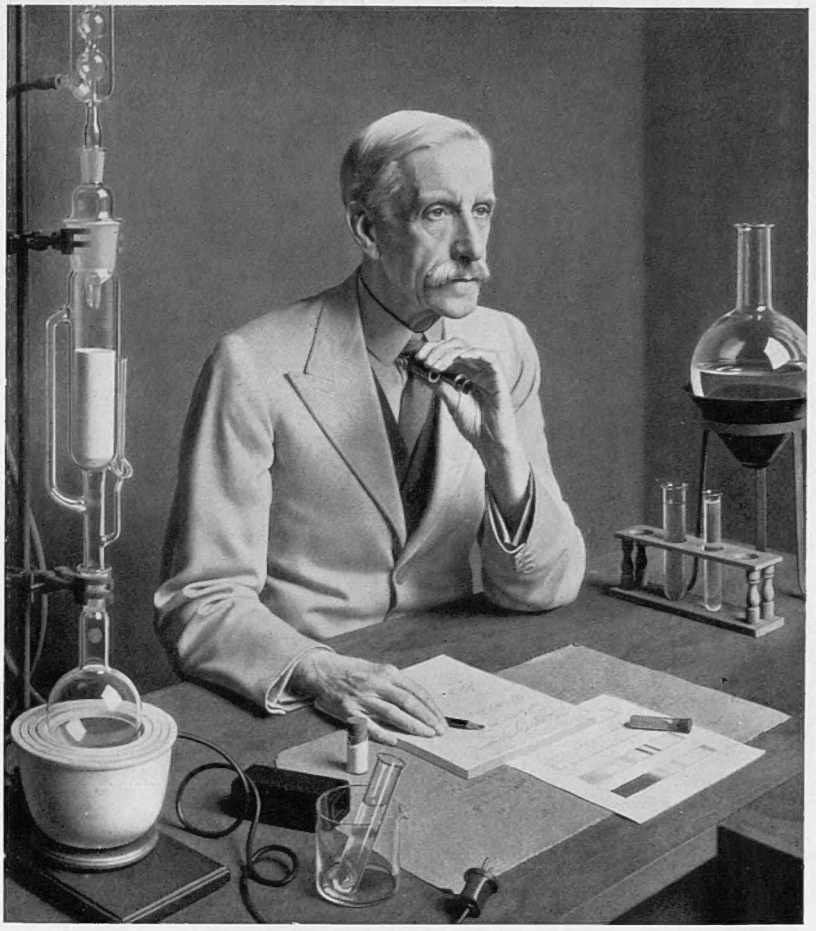
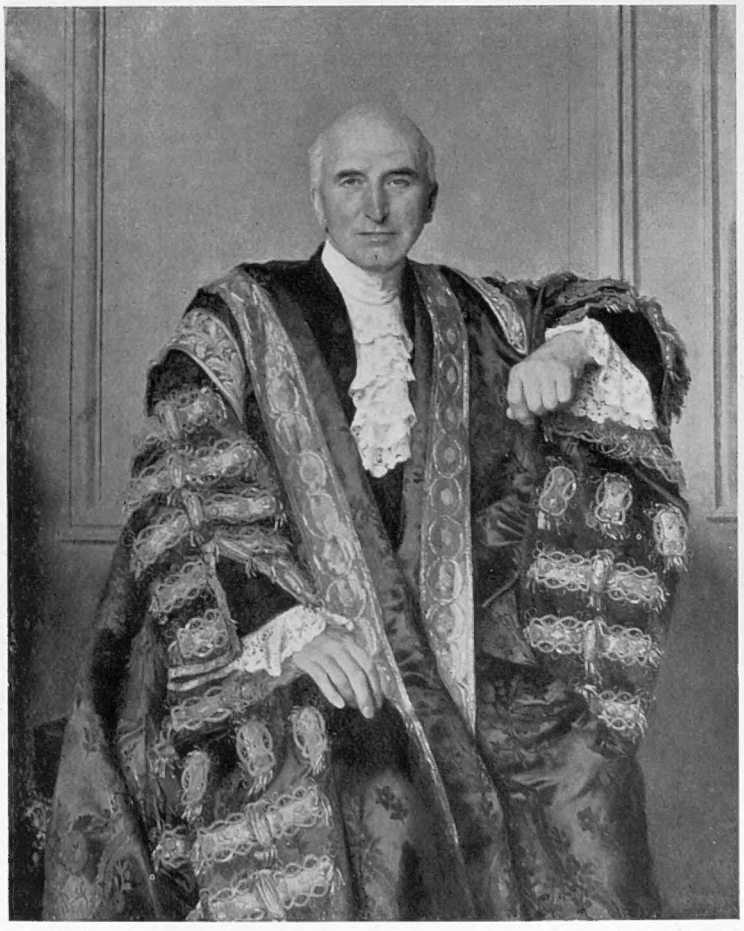


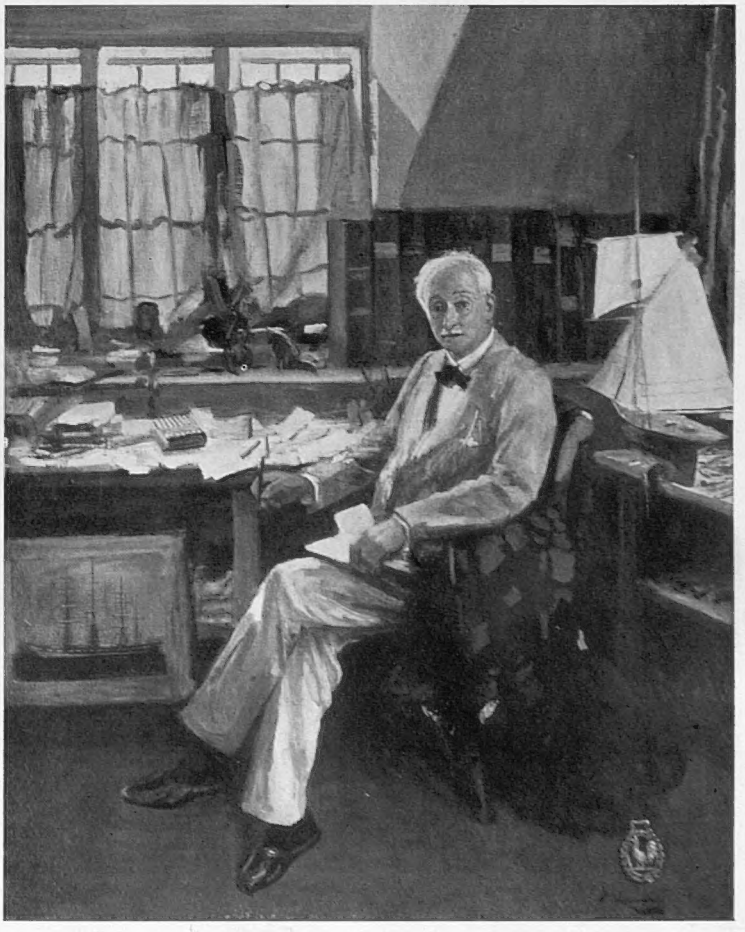
Biochemist

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, by Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.



Statesman

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, by Gerald Kelly, R.A.



Poet

Mr. John Masefield, by Sir John Lavery, R.A.

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The prosecution: John Gielgud as Shylock

Sketches by Rouson

"The Merchant of Venice" (Queen's)

FOR some time it has been the fashion to decry *The Merchant of Venice*, critics roundly declaring that here is a bad play better left unacted. This rash attitude has been engendered partly by the fact that *The Merchant* is so much more frequently presented than other Shakespeare plays of greater excellence, and partly by the fact that, being under the necessity of praising Shakespeare so often, critics feel that it restores their self-respect to give him a good drubbing now and then. See me slate Shakespeare! Yet the same critics who complain of this play have no hesitation in praising to the sky others of infinitely inferior quality. Glance at the list of current attractions. Can any playgoer with any pretence to taste and judgment seriously maintain that *George and Margaret*, at Wyndham's is a patch on *The Merchant*, at the Queen's? Or that *Idiot's Delight*, admirable though it is, stands the ghost of a chance of being revived three hundred years hence?

THE truth of the matter is that, when you get a man of Shakespeare's quality writing a play, that play cannot avoid abounding in miracles. So, in *The Merchant*, you find Shylock, you find Portia's love-speeches to Bassanio, you find the loveliest last act ever written for any comedy, you find the wilderness of monkeys, and tell me where is fancy bred, and the marriage to a sponge, and the quality of mercy (whether you learned it at school or not), and marvel after marvel in every scene. And so we are grateful to Mr. John Gielgud for choosing this maligned but incontrovertible masterpiece with which to conclude his stimulating season in Shaftesbury Avenue.

THERE is nothing musty about this play, and there is nothing musty about this production. The Motleys seem to have set out with the express purpose of recapturing deserters who have seen the piece too often. These deserters will no doubt be allured, if not recalled, to fundamentals, by the light, airy, candent peepshow to which they are invited to apply an eye. Something too much of a peepshow it may be, with trap-windows and portals and steps and bridges waiting, as it were, to reveal their function around a central light-weight pavilion with slender columns. A penny in the slot, and the charming motion is set a-going. The figures appear. And such is the power of acting that we forget the picture in the subject. Three performances stand out. Mr. Gielgud's Shylock strikes me as the finest thing he has done since his Old Vic days, making no bid for sympathy, as Irving did, but achieving it naturally through force of circumstance, just as Shakespeare, probably without preliminary intention, came to it in writing the play. Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Portia is lovely in love—Juliet all over again—which was, one suspects, Miss Ashcroft all over again—and therefore not characteristically Portia. One feels her father to be still alive and in control of the Belmont ménage. She obeys more naturally than she commands. Nevertheless, when in the throes that level all of us, most deeply moving.

And is not Miss Angela Baddeley's Nerissa, a true soubrette without one spark of false vivacity, the most engaging and amusing Nerissa of our time? Miss Baddeley is now an all-round actress. She can be charming, she can be funny, and she can be nasty. Of how many others could one say this?

The comicality: Morland Graham as Old Gobbo, George Devine as Launcelot

The prisoner: Leon Quartermaine as Antonio

The defence: Peggy Ashcroft as Portia

Anna Zinkeisen and Her "Dark Lady"

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Cannons of Hollywood

Last week saw a fivefold success for Anna Zinkeisen : she had two pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy and three pictures in the Royal Academy. The two being shown in Edinburgh are "Snow Picture" and "Manhattan," which draw their inspiration, if not their style from subjects favoured by Breughel and Renoir respectively. The three at Burlington House, the first two of which are on the line, are "Spring," a flower painting, "The Dark Lady" and "The White Cliffs of Dover." The last is an imaginary reconstruction of a scene on the Princess Mary, an early Channel packet (see p. 177). Anna Katrina Zinkeisen is very Scottish, despite her German name which she has from remote ancestors. She was born at Kilcreggan, Dumbarton, began her art training at eleven, exhibited in the Academy at eighteen. She studied under Charles Sims, Sir George Clausen and Glyn Philpot and among her decorative work are murals in the Queen Mary's ballroom. In private life she is Mrs. Guy Heseltine

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ASSURING his terrified readers that "whether we win the Ashes or not, the end of the world will not have come," Mr. Henry Rose in the *Daily Express* did England a great service, in our view. It was the dreaded day of the Australians' arrival at Southampton, and as the M.C.C. were hiding under tables in Cornwall in a palsy of fear, somebody had to take charge. The nation is so sick with fright over the Tests that any stampede might happen if some people in control didn't keep their nerve. Only a couple of days before the Gibraltar garrison had been turned out and reviewed by Bishop Bradman (who took the salute), and this abject surrender of the armed forces of the Crown, coming on top of the recent Austrian débâcle, seemed to us significant. A chap who was at Southampton when the Orontes came in told us that the fierce lean challenging faces of the Australians and the sheepish pallor of the huddled populace made an unforgettable spectacle. He thought he saw Archbishop Fry in the background, pale, statuesque, dignified, masking strong anguish with immovable calm (like Cardinal Hartmann of Cologne when the conquering Allies marched past his cathedral after the Armistice), but he isn't sure.

It has since been reported in the Press that by an unfortunate cabling error the L.C.C. will have to face the Australian onslaught, the M.C.C. having been quick to seize the craven advantage of a nervous wireless operator's slip. So you can imagine the unhappy ædiles at City Hall are in a tall state of wild-eyed panic and misery, drinking red ink from the bottle and gnawing rubber stamps and ebony rulers and gashing themselves with penknives. Heaven knows we don't wish to be alarmists, still less defeatists, but if we were the Hierarchy we 'd chuck our hand in here and now and retire to a padded cell. With a hey, nonny, nonny and a bow, wow, wow.

"Arsenal 2, Aston Villa 0"

Fiesta

TOP hats, cold grey skies, madrigals, decorous, obsequious mirth at Shavian cracks (not Class A), and finally drizzle—accurately did Mr. William Hickey describe as a "typical uproarious British fiesta" the inauguration ceremony of the new National Theatre, opposite South Kensington Museum. We were there too, inside the hoardings, close to the newsreel boys, greatly fascinated by the ritual. From Sir Robert Vansittart Mr. Shaw, the principal pall-bearer, received the £75,000 title-deeds of the future Shrine of National Dramatic Art, a twig from a Kensington tree, and a sod of Kensington earth on a tray, with these solemn words: "You shall now take seisin from me of this land"; to which the response came from Mr. Shaw: "We are now lawfully seised and possessed by right of the National Theatre." (Nothing was said of rights of sac and soc, of single or double burgage, of infangtheofe and outfangtheofe, of ban and arrière-ban, or of the Droit du Seigneur, of which the romantic Whig history boys are so lewdly fond. Probably these are all thrown in.) After the National Anthem we left, wondering chiefly what Mr. Shaw was going to do with that chunk of sacred Kensington earth. To end the polite, pallid ceremony fittingly, we thought, he should have chucked it at the organisers, intimating symbolically that the baby was now theirs to hold.

20th Hole

THOUGH emotion is not our strong line, we think the Two Club, launched some nights ago at a dinner at the Savoy by Mr. J. S. F. Morrison, of St. Andrew's, Gerard ("Bulldog") Fairlie, Captain Eric Anson, Slogger A. G. Macdonell, Tom Webster, and other big sporting boys, should be reporting a little healthy progress by now. The Two Club's aim is to do something for the myriad caddies whose condition, happiness and comfort the average golfer so genially ignores, the red-faced hound. We can't go into the whole scheme here, but it means roughly that after winning silver pots, medals, or cheques in special tournaments, or not winning them, you pay the Two Club five bob, of which half goes to the Caddies' Benevolent Fund and the other half to the prize fund. The scheme also includes a free £1000 insurance policy covering members (or their caddies) who may be killed or injured on the course, but as most deaths on golf courses are due to congestion, arterio-sclerosis, thrombosis, or the Wumble-Dumbles, full claims should be rare. The Committee of the Two Club are still a little dazed after that fighting after-dinner speech by Slogger Macdonell in which he practically accused them of having heads of solid bonzolene, intimating haughtily that nobody could explain the

"Champion Heathersmead of Bream is giving your Geraldemere Handsome III. a hell of a time!"

Club's scheme in a few words but himself—in our estimation a typical piece of feudal Highland rhodomontade and braggadocio—but the Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. M. Gladstone, knows it all backwards, and we think it is extremely sound.

Treason Dept.

OLE DEBBIL LOW got off his chain and took another of his periodical bites at his employer the other day, picturing Lord Beaverbrook as a tiny soap-box Popular Front orator, with Colonel Blimp as his stooge. All over Fleet Street, as happens on these occasions, the boys were open-mouthed with half-fearful admiration, also envy, Low being the only newspaper man in Great Britain who can deliberately caricature the Owner in his own paper and get away with it. And possibly this includes America as well, though in America the cartoonist and colyumist boys get a pretty free hand. At one time, we remember, Heywood Broun's daily offering in one of the New York papers was headed by a bold-type notice refusing all editorial responsibility for anything Mr. Broun said, Broun, like Low, being not merely a sufficiently arresting personality to defy the Machine, but being fortunate in having an owner with nous enough to put up with it.

Apropos Low's Colonel Blimp, incidentally, we 're possibly not alone in believing that when he isn't booming out some grotesque political dictum he 's ambling round the corner of the Turkish baths to join Colonel Up, of Mr. Walter Goetz's exquisite *Express* comic-strip, in some unseemly, disconcerting, rumbunctious, or humiliating adventure. Look at the foaming Rabelaisian sweep of Up's moustachios and ask yourself whether Blimp's walrus prongs don't also get a pretty wicked curl when Low lets him off duty, the old satyr.

Hiya, Booksies!

A QUIET but none the less eloquent lesson in deportment was given the more hysterical booksy boys and girls the other day by Howard Spring, the eminent *Evening Standard* Book Critic, whose photograph appeared in his Book Page showing him in the act of judging a new book. Mr. Spring was just leaning back comfortably in a chair, head rested on the back, pipe in one hand, the other hand holding the book open at a seemly distance, the whole picture exhibiting nonchalance and elegance combined with public spirit. Moral for critics, never get rattled and stampeded by the week's masterpieces like some of the booksy girls, who obviously crouch and grip them tight with two quivering hands, eyes bloodshot, features twitching, ready to be shattered to pieces by wonderful, marvellous, epileptoparanoiac booksy emotion. Or so we gather from their goings-on at parties and in the public prints.

Actually Mr. Spring is not alone in facing up to the booksy situation like a hero and a philosopher. (" *Tu trembles, Bailly ?* " — " *C'est de froid.*") There 's a small group of critics, including to our own knowledge Sylvia and Robert Lynd, R. Ellis Roberts, Edward (" Dick ") Shanks, Alan Thomas, and a couple more, who practise Absolute or Gnostic Quietism and are never rattled. Then there 's our old mentor " Boss " Agate, absorbed like a yogi in perpetual self-contemplation and naturally not giving a damn for anybody : a School in himself. Then comes the Squire-Straus or Epicurean Group, striving to retain all the graces (*charites*), however deeply submerged in the booksy flood, and often making flowery speeches at dinners. And there we 're afraid we 'll have to stop.

Macabre

ONE thing we admire terribly nowadays is the ingenuity of the Beautiful England boys, advertising and other, whose photographs of lovely rural spots invariably manage to miss out the glue-factory chimneys round the corner and the rows and rows of sweet little new bungalows just to the right of the near foreground. But we did discover the other day, to our vast surprise, a bit of country on the Brighton-Eastbourne coast road which is practically undefiled. (We won't say where it is, in case a speculative builder is cocking his ears, but it 's not far from a certain farm where. in the autumn of 1914, when we were learning to defend our grateful country, we saw huge oxen ploughing. Nose *that* out, builder, you rat !) The rest of this line of coast is now one big suburb, and it was grievous to see our old school, Roedean, standing practically in the backblocks of Brighton. In our time the noble old honey-tinted pile stood as haughtily aloof from men and alone with Nature as the Grande Chartreuse. Saltdean, a little further east, which only ten years ago was a sweep of aromatic wind-washed downland, the haunt of sheep and larks and wheatears, is now a fine little suburb on its own, though not so starkly lovely as Peacehaven, still further east, surely one of the most exquisite works of man.

Frankly this stretch of still unbuilt-on Sussex downland puzzled, almost frightened us. It looked a bit sinister, like something fallen from the Moon. There weren't even any big boards saying Desirable Sites and Ripe for Development. Our conjecture was that it must be haunted. Perhaps some speculative builder had murdered a rival there, and after robbing and stripping the body had been frightened by the ghost of a blue-behinded ape.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" But, Ernest, it can't *want anything to eat "*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 137

The Fly on the Microphone

By Emery Bonett

Illustration by Reinganum

I REALISED almost at once that I had made a mistake about Davey. At first sight I had thought he might be someone, because he was the only one in the studio who was at all clean. Of course, now I know that that is the last consideration, but one cannot know everything right at the start, and this was my first part in a picture. Quite a number of people were inclined to hold the view that it wasn't a part at all as I had only six words actually to say, but they came at a very important point where they could not possibly be cut out, and I had to be photographed in practically a close-up while I said them.

Everybody seemed to be bustling about and not taking a lot of notice of me, so I went up to this boy Davey and asked him if he thought they would get to the taxi sequence, which was my bit, before lunch.

He looked at me a minute and then he said, "Can't say, Beautiful, but I shouldn't think so." Then he grinned and added, "I 'm the last person to come to if you want to know anything. I 'm the assistant-to-the-assistant-to-the-third assistant."

Of course, quite often people get a position like that in a studio just to learn something about films and are actually related to the director's wife or aunt, and can be quite useful, so I said, "Well, if you happen to have any influence, I wish you would persuade them to get the taxi shots over as soon as possible."

It seemed that Davey had practically no influence with anybody except the clapper-boy, who owed him five shillings, but could not be of any practical help.

"What 's the hurry, anyway?" he asked me. "Have you got a date with the boy-friend?"

"Oh, no," I said, rather shocked. "I wouldn't let a thing like that take my mind off my work. It is the final audition for a part in *Coming Clean*, which is a gangster revue that is being cast for the West End. You see," I explained, "they said that this part in the film was to be looked on as a sort of test for me, and if I registered well there would probably be more work, so I could not turn it down when it turned out they wanted me to-day."

"I see," said the boy, getting very interested. "What is the part in *Coming Clean* that you are after?"

"It is Betty," I said, and he interrupted to say, "That is the gangster's girl who comes in at the end and has a solo number and two dances."

"Why, how did you know?" I asked him, and he said he seemed to have heard about it from someone, and what sort of a chance did I think I had.

Well, of course, I explained to him that I had a very good chance indeed, because I had already been to two auditions and been picked out by the stage-manager, and there was only one other girl still in the running, and that was Jenny Lindsay, and she did not stand much of a chance beside me, because the stage-manager had as good as told me the part was mine, and it was only a question of the producer seeing us this afternoon and making the final choice.

"And you feel pretty sure that you will get it?" said Davey. "It 's a singing part, isn't it? I suppose you have got a very much better voice than this other girl?"

"Well, no," I said, because, as a matter of fact, I have not got a singing voice at all, but you have only got to look around at the shows to realise that not having a voice is no particular disadvantage to a singer. The boy seemed very interested and sat down beside me, and there seemed to be nothing whatsoever to do as everyone of any importance was completely occupied in getting

the set ready, so I went on to explain that although this girl, Jenny Lindsay, was really a better singer, she didn't stand any sort of a chance against me because I am a better dancer, which made us equal, and then I am considered to be a very good type of blonde, and the producer has the reputation that, other things being equal, he never engages a girl unless she turns out to be his type. This means he will have the likeliest girls into his office to see if they are his type, and Jenny Lindsay is the sort of girl who does not really turn out to be anybody's type in an office, because she has got herself engaged to some struggling young man who is no good to anybody, and she is quite prejudiced about it. "And moreover," I said, "she seems to have an invalid mother on whom she spends a lot of her money instead of getting nice, smart clothes and taking a pride in herself; so a girl like that does not deserve to get on, and I don't suppose she ever will so long as she comes into competition with conscientious workers like myself."

"Well," said Davey, laughing, but rather quietly, because it is never a good plan to laugh very loudly in a studio, as even if there is nothing happening, someone is sure to shout at you just to show their authority, "I can see you are all set for a great career. But tell me, how would you be placed if you didn't get the part?"

"Oh," I said, "I shouldn't starve, if that is what you mean. I am a girl that does scarcely any starving."

"I can see that," said Davey, "so while we 're on the subject, how about having lunch with me?"

Of course, he was a nice enough boy, but there was no saying what might have turned up before lunch-time, and I could not see there was any point in letting a fifth or sixth assistant absolutely monopolise me, so I said I 'd let him know later, and then he said, "How about me giving you a lift home? I 've got a rather small sports car that sometimes goes."

I was getting to have had quite enough of him by now, so I said, "Thank you very much, but I have a friend who is a *first* assistant on the Rookway Films' set, and he has quite a large car which practically always goes. And, anyway," I added, "my piece in the picture will be over almost as soon as they get started on the taxi scene, because it is really quite short, although important, so I shall be out of the studio long before you are through."

"Then I shall have to think of something else," he said, looking quite discouraged, and then somebody gave someone else an order, and when they had all called for the assistant under them and passed it on, the last assistant but one called Davey and gave him the order, and as there was no one under Davey, he had to go off and do it himself, so I was rid of him for a bit.

This was not at all a bad thing, as I got talking to an assistant casting-director, and in the end it got to be lunch-time, so I went to lunch with him, which is always a good idea, and after lunch he took me back to the office he shared with another man, to look at some very interesting still photographs he happened to have, only the man he shared with happened to be asleep in the office, so it scarcely led to anything.

THE director was rather late after lunch, and one of the technicians told me it was because he had been to see what the new star's work was like in the rushes, so I said I supposed we needn't expect him back for quite a time, but it seems that "rushes" is a technical term meaning the shots they have taken during the day, and he would be along quite soon.

I was beginning to feel quite worried

(Concluded on page ×)

Ballet Impressions

Three Drawings by Kay Ambrose

A pas de deux from " Les Patineurs "

A pas de trois from " Les Rendezvous "

Pearl Argyle and Harold Turner in " Baiser de la Fée "

Kay Ambrose is holding a first exhibition of scraperboard drawings at Sadler's Wells Theatre. It is called Ballet Impressions and it contains, as well as drawings of dancers, some studies of ballet audiences. All the subjects were drawn at Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden or the Ballet Club, and they are decorative suggestions of the ballet motif rather than photographic or technical expositions of definite steps. Miss Ambrose won an art scholarship to Reading University, and she has been doing scraperboard work for a year, but as she never received instruction in this medium she has worked out a technique of her own. Eight of her ballet drawings will appear shortly in a " Pelican Special " book on ballet by Arnold Haskell. He is the founder of the Wells Ballet School Scheme, under whose auspices the exhibition is being held. Also in aid of this and the Lilian Baylis Memorial Fund is the Ballet Gala on May 10th, at which the Queen will be present

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Philip Jordan on His Travels

By Alan Thomas

"To travel light: to travel alone: and never to forget that the people who dwell upon your path pluck any journey, however short and unadventurous, from the commonplace and invest it with a magic and an excitement that can never stale." These are Mr. Philip Jordan's rules for the road: and his new book, *There Is No Return* (Cresset Press; 8*s.* 6*d.*), more than justifies rule three. The book—which I confidently recommend to your attention—is a collection of travel sketches with some autobiographical memories thrown in. The journeys he describes have been made in divers places—in Spain, in Morocco, across the Brahmaputra River, in Ceylon, by air from Calcutta, in France and in America. Mr. Jordan (rather regrettably as I think) does not tell a consecutive story: and parts of his book are concerned with events that happened many years ago. But whether he is writing of distant memories or of near-at-hand events, of war or of fellow-travellers in a railway-carriage, of a dead donkey or of Mr. John L. Lewis—whatever he is writing about, his pen has a natural incisiveness and wit. Indeed, it is a little curious that a born writer of English with such an obvious gift for laconic crack and epigram should resort, as occasionally he does, to the Transatlantic turn of phrase. Mr. Jordan knows how to make it snappy without the artful aid of Americanese. The high-spot of interest—for me, at all events—was the account he gives of his own early struggles to get a foot on the ladder of journalism. But the assortment as a whole is excellent, and is certainly none the worse for a subacid flavour compounded of enough humour not to hurt. The title of the book derives from the fact that Mr. Jordan would have liked to stay on in Spain, where there is "no room for shams." But having once moved into the slough of civilisation (hot-water bottles, good food and wine, and all that), you can only go on and on and sink deeper into it. There is no return. From which you may gather that the honest light this title sheds upon the author is not that of a fiery torch.

Philip Jordan

His new book is called "There Is No Return" and it is an assortment of travel sketches with some autobiographical memories thrown in. He writes with an incisiveness and wit that lend excitement to all these. The book is reviewed here

Dialect novels are always rather a trial; and with all the good will in the world (which I admit in these days does not amount to very much), I cannot say that Zora Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is much of an exception. This is a novel of negro life in America; and here is a sample sentence taken at random. "They 's jes lak uh pack uh hawgs, when dey see uh full trough. Whut yuh needs is uh man dat yuh done lived uhround and know all about tuh sort of manage yo' things fuh yuh and ginerally do round." All one can say is that given perseverance one does get used to it; but after pages and pages of negro dialect, a paragraph of plain English does comes as a relief. The story concerns the life and loves of a negress named Janie, some clue to whose character is afforded by the fact that when she was forty the firmness of her buttocks was such that she appeared to be carrying grape-fruits in her hip pockets, and her pugnacious breasts looked as though they were trying to bore holes in her shirt (shades of D. H. Lawrence!). Thus forewarned, the reader enters upon a flashback of Janie's matrimonial experiences—three in all. The first, with an elderly man she neither loved nor wanted to marry, was—as it was clearly destined to be—a failure. The second, with Joe Starks, a pushing young particle with commercial and municipal aspirations, was a happier affair—till Joe got too big for his boots and died cursing her. And then, after Joe's death, fate came for the third time into Janie's life in the shape of a much younger man, known by the somewhat distracting name of Tea Cake. Tea Cake had a pull over his two predecessors in the matter of years, and, until tragedy befell him, he gave Janie the spiritual satisfaction she was looking for. Whether he would have lasted the full course is another question. The book has its exciting moments and gives an excellent picture of negro life. But one tires a little of the heroine and her questing spirit.

Mr. Cherry Kearton's latest book, entitled *My Woodland Home* (Jarrolds; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is to be commended mainly for the eighty-one photographs it contains of birds and beasts, inhabitants of the wooded garden he has chosen for his home in Surrey. By patience and an intimate acquaintance with Nature he has achieved wonders with the camera—delightful close-ups of mother-birds feeding their young, of tiffs in the blackbird family, of long-eared owls in a fantod, of foxes in friendly though suspicious mood, and so on. The adventures he had in getting these photographs, in observing and caring for the wild and tame life on his estate, form the subject of the text. He writes, of course, as an intense lover of Nature: and lovers are apt to be a bit sentimental at times. And so is Mr. Kearton. But the main object of the book—"to awaken a desire in the reader to penetrate deeper into the natural world, opening the door thereto with the key of kindness and approaching the inhabitants with patience and sympathy"—is wholly admirable.

Mr. Charles Graves has added a new vintage to the literary wine-list. It is known, of course, as Sparkling Graves. Readers of the Bystander get a taste of it each week when they read the sketches in which he extracts the essentials about this or that personality of the moment. In his new travel book, *Swiss Summer* (Nicholson and Watson; 10*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Graves applies the same method to a whole country, with equal success. In this account of a 3000-mile car tour through Switzerland in August, he packs in so many cold facts about scenery, roads, hotels (all de luxe), golf clubs, food, wines, and barmaids as to make the book in essentials an admirable guide. But the facts are all so interlarded with Mr. Graves' running commentary on anything that catches his eye or fancy that they can be absorbed painlessly and, indeed, with the greatest of ease.

I should be glad to draw attention to *Vic-Wells: The Work of Lilian Baylis* (Cobden-Sanderson; 10*s.* 6*d.*), were it only for the fact that the proceeds from the sale of the book are to be handed to the Vic-Wells Completion Fund. But there is more to it than that. This is a book that all who admired Lilian Baylis and her work will be anxious to possess. It is a collection of appreciations and impressions of Miss Baylis by those who have been connected with the two theatres which, as Lord Lytton says in the foreword, she created. There are over thirty contributors (each of whom worked with her and knew her well) and as many photographs, taken by Angus McBean, mostly from behind the scenes at both theatres.

Peter Clark

The Viscountess Ratendone

In 1938 Winterhalter comes into his own again as the "old master" of fashion in picture dresses, photographic poses. Lady Ratendone, whose taste in clothes as in house decorating is of the minute, wears her dress and holds her pose in a manner worthy of more enduring portraiture than the ephemeral photograph, effectively though it presents her. She is the wife of the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon's son, the daughter of Basil Foster. She married Lord Ratendone four years ago. Their home in London is in Regency Row, St. John's Wood

NEWS REEL

. . . Celebrity Attitudes

Fisherman Number One

Mr. Chamberlain likes fishing better than anything : after Easter he went to Scotland and in a safety-pinned hat fished the Brora, staying with Lord Chaplin. Casting his fly in wide waters, he has safely landed Italy, Eire and France in his "agreement" net

Soprano in Blue

Mme. Lily Pons put her tiny, pretty and vivacious person into a bright blue crinoline dress for her first appearance in London after she arrived from America last week. She sang at the Queen's Hall at the concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Seisin in South Kensington

Sir Robert Vansittart and Mr. George Bernard Shaw were about half-way through a complicated ceremony with the deeds of the National Theatre, a clod of earth and a twig, which is called taking seisin. The trustees of the Theatre now officially own the rather small excavation opposite the Victoria and Albert Museum

Public Speaking : Pigs—

Lord Feversham, the Ministry of Agriculture's Parliamentary Secretary, stoutly defended the Government's attitude to pigs in general and bacon in particular at the National Pig Breeders' Association lunch. Output, he said, had doubled and quality had improved remarkably. Major-Gen. Sir Wyndham Knight (centre) was elected new president of the Association. Sir Merrik Burrell, chairman of the Royal Veterinary College, gave the toast "Agriculture"

—And Peace—

Mr. Anthony Eden made his first speech since he resigned when he proposed the toast "England" at the Royal Society of St. George dinner—a deeply sincere avowal of his faith in democracy, in freedom as the only way to peace, in justice and the rule of law

Rehearsal Concentration: Music

Sir Thomas Beecham "discovered" Margarethe Kubatzki, half-Polish, half-French-Italian, in Leipzig, having heard her voice by chance on the wireless. She made her first London appearance last night at Covent Garden, singing Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," Kirsten Flagstad's part last year

—And the Perfect Woman

Mr. C. B. Cochran, recognised expert on stage "young ladies," was the appropriate chairman of last week's Foyles' Literary Luncheon whose topic was "The Perfect Woman." Beautiful Miss Iris Lockwood was his equally appropriate guest. Below are Miss Beatrice Lillie and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson—he made a long speech on the subject of the day

Rehearsal Concentration: the Tattoo

Lt.-Col. H. H. Douglas-Withers, first and only professional "Tattoo" producer, and Major Newington, the Tattoo secretary, are in the thick of planning and preparing this year's show, with charts and diagrams and coloured pins, and horn-rimmed spectacles on both their noses

Prize nonsense-story of the week was that of Whittington the cat which was presented to the Lord Mayor and invested by him with a special badge of membership of the Loyal Society of Dartsmen. The Lord Mayor has a nice twinkle in his eye, the cat has the usual maddening look of feline detachment

The Cat and the Lord Mayor

Protestant for Art and Friendship

Mr. Augustus John, a look of furious indignation on his face, and his daughter, Mrs. Poppet Jackson, at his side, was leaving his house at Fordingbridge to meet Mr. Wyndham Lewis in London. The announcement of his resignation from the Royal Academy had just been made—a protest against the rejection of Wyndham Lewis' picture of T. S. Eliot. He "strongly disagreed" with the rejection, and writes it off as "an inept act"

Social Register

EIGHT WEDDINGS

Lord Fincastle and Miss Hermon-Hodge

Viscount Fincastle, son of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, and the Hon. Pamela Hermon-Hodge, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Wyfold, of Sarsden House, Oxon, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and flew to Paris for the start of their honeymoon

Mr. Waterlow and Miss Robinson

Thomas Gordon Waterlow and Helen Elizabeth Robinson were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the late Sir William Waterlow, and Lady Waterlow, of 10, Montagu Place, W., and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Robinson, of North Ridge, Bix, Henley

Miss Darrell and Mr. Baird

Robert Walter Stuart Baird, younger son of the late William Arthur Baird and Lady Hersey Baird, of Lennoxlove, Haddington, and Christine Darrell, only child of the late Rupert Darrell, of New York, were married at Christ Church, Down Street

Mr. Donner and Miss Chatfield

Patrick Donner, M.P., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ossian Donner, of 22, Princes Gate, S.W., and the Hon. Angela Chatfield, elder daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Lord and Lady Chatfield, had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding and Admiralty House reception

Lt.-Com. Kinloch and Miss Backhouse

Lieut.-Commander David Charles Kinloch, R.N., son of the Canon and Mrs. M. W. Kinloch, of Moreton, Dorset, and Barbara Backhouse, daughter of Admiral Sir Roger and Lady Backhouse, of Old Manor, Fareham, Hants., were married at Fareham Parish Church

Mr. Aitken and Miss Maffey

William Traven Aitken, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Aitken, of Toronto, and Penelope Maffey, daughter of Sir John and Lady Maffey, of Anmer Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Maffey wore a dress and veil of ice-blue

Miss Angela Haig-Thomas and Mr. Richard Gurowski

Richard Gurowski, Scots Guards, and Angela Haig-Thomas were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. His parents are Major Count and Countess Gurowski, of Woolhampton Park, Reading, and hers are Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of the Grange, Goring-on-Thames

Mr. Edward Shackleton and Miss Betty Homan

Edward A. A. Shackleton, younger son of the late Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton, and Betty Homan, elder daughter of Capt. Charles E. Homan, Elder Brother of Trinity House, and Mrs. Homan, of Burley, Hants., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

AN ENGAGEMENT

Herr Adolf Kunz and Miss Waldegrave

Left: Herr Adolf Kunz is Counsellor of Legation at the German Embassy; his fiancée is the Hon. Esther Waldegrave, eldest daughter of Lord Radstock, of 48, Eaton Place, S.W.

Right: Mr. Alexander and Lady Ann Elliot's daughter was christened Victoria Cynthia last week, with Lady Jersey and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell as two of her godparents. Lady Ann Elliot is Lord Jersey's younger sister and married Mr. Elliot last year

A CHRISTENING

Victoria Cynthia Elliot and Her Parents

SOCIETY PICTURE SHOW

Lady Lavinia Dundas and Her Portrait

Lady Lavinia Dundas's picture in the London Portrait Society show is by the Scottish artist, Alexander Christie. She is Lord and Lady Zetland's second daughter

The Three Vaughan Sisters

Lady Honor Vaughan, Lady Gloria Fisher, and their fifteen-year-old sister, Lady Auriel Vaughan, Lord and Lady Lisburne's daughters, went to the private view of the London Portrait Society's exhibition at New Burlington Galleries

Wedding of the Week

Viscount Anson and Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon

The King and Queen and the two Princesses went to the enormous wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of the Queen's niece, Anne Bowes-Lyon, to Viscount Anson, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield. Miss Bowes-Lyon is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. She, her page and her fourteen bridesmaids were all in ivory, white and silver, with white wreaths and bouquets. For colour there was the guard of honour of Grenadier Guards, the bridegroom's regiment

King Zog of Albania and Countess Geraldine Apponyi were married in Tirana last Wednesday. The ceremony, at the King's wish, was simple. It consisted solely of a State registration (he is a Moslem, she is a Catholic), lasted six minutes and took place in an annexe built specially for the occasion. The vice-Speaker of Parliament conducted the ceremony, four Army officers held the bride's train, and her maids were her new sisters-in-law, Princesses Maxhide, Myzejen and Ruhije. After the ceremony muezzins, guns and Orthodox Greek bells vied in saluting the royal pair

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

SIXPENCE is sixpence, and that is that. There is no good shedding tears. We have known for years that we would have to pay some time or other for the failure of the Disarmament Conference, and now we know what the first instalment is. One more sixpence, and Income Tax will have reached the highest point even of the war years.

ALMOST my earliest recollections are the change of name from Orange River Colony to Orange Free State, and parental pessimism when Income Tax went up from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d. in order to defeat the Boers. During the war to end war, tens of thousands of patriotic citizens cheerfully paid their six bob. But it is difficult to be quite so cheerful about five-and-six, after twenty years of peace, to avoid another war. But there is nothing to be done except pay, for under the Chancellor's new precautions tax-dodging will become very difficult.

THE new tax on petrol, heavy oil and power alcohol cannot be grumbled at, but the extra twopence on tea is a pity. A tax on tea is so essentially a tax on the very poorest of the community.

THERE are many people, almost entirely of the sort that will have to pay the extra sixpence, who have sneered at the League of Nations ever since it was founded, derided the idea of collective security, and rejoiced when the Disarmament Conference failed. But if that Conference had not been blocked, obstructed and sabotaged by the short-sighted and the foolish, Income Tax might not be five-and-six in the pound, and the security of the Empire might be a good deal greater than it is to-day. But, as I have already said, we must make the best of it, pay cheerfully, and arm like mad.

THE Chancellor sprang a big surprise, and a very welcome surprise, when he announced the secret buying of stocks of wheat, whale-oil and sugar, "sufficient for the needs of the civil population during the early months of an emergency." It is the normal recognised attitude of the Britisher to say that he is the last man in the world to boast, but that in every respect he is the finest man in the world. He may not always be right, but of this I am certain, that in no other country in the world could the purchase of these enormous reserves have been carried through with such brilliant swiftness and with such impenetrable secrecy.

AT last, and not a moment too soon, the general understanding between Great Britain and France is being openly converted into an alliance. The discussions in London had hardly begun before agreement was reached on two highly important measures. There is to be close co-ordination between the armed forces of the two countries, and there is to be a common pool for the buying of aeroplanes and raw materials. Probably the next step will be an exchange of British financial credit, to help France to buy abroad, against French foodstuffs.

THE Anglo-Irish Agreement is the most notable and one of the happiest milestones on the seven-hundred-year-old road of Anglo-Irish relations, since the Treaty was signed in 1922. The wretched dispute about the annuities and the tariff retaliation are settled; the control of the Irish coast defence stations is to be transferred to Eire; ten million pounds is to be paid by Eire; and the new trade agreement provides, broadly speaking, for the entry of Irish goods into this country free of duty, other than revenue duty. This Agreement will be warmly welcomed by everyone who values the Irish contribution to the civilisation culture of the world.

THINGS are not looking quite so happy in Czechoslovakia again. The new demands of Herr Henlein, the leader of the German minority, are so drastic that he must surely have the promise of powerful support from Herr Hitler in his pocket. Immediately after the invasion of Austria, the Czechs offered Herr Henlein very considerable concessions. These have now been brusquely rejected, and nothing short of self-government is the basis of the new demands. The Czechs, not to be outdone in the game, have refused even to consider the new demands.

IF it is true that the Amalgamated Engineering Union is going to refuse to co-operate in the re-armament speed-up unless the Government allows the Spanish Government to buy arms in the open market, a very serious situation will be created. The A.E.U. is by much the most important of the engineering unions, and it is probably not an exaggeration to say that without its support

the whole rearmament plan will be seriously endangered. Yet how can Mr. Chamberlain suddenly reverse his Spanish policy at this hour?

THE new edition of *The March of Time* which will be shown in London this month is going to startle a good many people. It is concerned entirely with the Germany of to-day, and it is a most alarming and even staggering affair, which shows the conversion of an entire country into one single machine designed for nothing else except war. The whole slant both of the picture and of the commentary is strongly anti-Nazi, and it ends with the words, "And the inevitable destiny of the great war machines of the past has been to destroy the peace of the world, its people, and the Governments of their time." The showing of this film coincides with the sinister rumours of new anti-Jewish action in Central Europe which are beginning to filter round the town.

WITH the resignation of Mr. Harold Butler from the Directorship of the International Labour Office, Geneva has lost one of its most famous officials. Mr. Butler had not an easy task in having to follow the picturesque, dynamic, powerful figure of M. Albert Thomas, but he succeeded admirably. He is to become head of the new research college at Oxford which is one of Lord Nuffield's benefactions.

THE great Glasgow Exhibition has been opened. Last July the King visited the site and laid a commemoration stone. At that time not one single bit of construction had been begun. The site was completely bare. To-day there is a complete city of a hundred and seventy-five acres. It is an extraordinary *tour de force* of organisation and industry. By next week I shall have visited the Exhibition, and these pages will probably resemble pages from the immortal works of Herr Baedeker.

LOVE of animals is a well-known national trait. A little gaiety is never out of place; much may be said for sport and pastimes; the gambolling of lambkins and children is often attractive. But, dash it, when it comes to the Lord Mayor of London, the seven-hundred-and-sixty-odd Lord Mayor in direct succession, attending a ceremony at the Mansion House to watch his new cat being invested with the badge of membership of the Royal Society of Dartsmen, then I think it is time to say "Hi!" The cat, who was by a happy, witty and original thought christened Whittington, was bored to death by the whole proceeding, and so, I trust, are you.

THE big laugh of the week comes from the indefatigable Mr. Reuter, who has dug out the following bit of whimsy: "The German newspaper men who are to accompany Herr Hitler on his visit to Signor Mussolini next week will wear a special uniform of slate-blue jacket, and breeches with top-boots during the day, and trousers at evening receptions." The *Manchester Guardian* brilliantly heads it "Press in Boots." The Lord Mayor might take a tip from this and add a neat pair of breeches to Whittington's Dartsman's badge.

MR. HUMBERT WOLFE, poet, playwright and administrator, has continued his autobiography with a volume called *The Upward Anguish*. It deals with the four years of his life as an undergraduate at Oxford in the pre-war days, when there were so many young men of genius, and at the same time such a dead weight of Philistinism, existing side by side. Mr. Wolfe's book at times makes painful reading, for a sensitive young man, who had not been got ready at one of the big public schools for university life, often had a pretty difficult time of it.

IT will be sad if Herbert Roberts, the tall, red-haired centre-half of the Arsenal team, never plays again. It is said that the injury to his leg, which he got last October, is worse than was thought, and his playing days may be over. Roberts, David Jack, and the immortal Alex James, were key-men in the building of the famous Arsenal team which has delighted so many fans for so long.

A LETTER published in *The Times* puts a characteristic British trait into beautifully naïve words. A famous amateur footballer of the palmy days of the Corinthians appeals to our leading politicians to go to Berlin on May 14th to watch the football match between this country and Germany. "Too little attention is paid," he says, "to the many matters of common interest, such as music, science, art, and, above all, sport, which provide for so many nations the opportunities of contact and friendly discussion in an atmosphere of goodwill and mutual sympathy." The operative words in this sentence are "above all."

MM. Daladier, Bonnet and Corbin were photographed outside the French Embassy at the beginning of the talks which produced such rapid and satisfactory agreement on the defence of the two democracies. The two visiting Ministers were the only members of the delegation staying at M. Corbin's Embassy, as he has only two guest-rooms. The remaining personnel were lodged at the hotel next door

Ralph Reader, who for many years has written and produced the Boy Scout "Gang Show" under the name of "Holborn Rover," has now moved his stage into the Albert Hall, where a large pageant called "Boy Scout" was presented each night last week. After the full-dress rehearsal, Lord Somers, Deputy Chief Scout, decorated Reader with the Silver Wolf, highest Scout honour, and shook left hands with him

Norman Parkinson

A Leader of Fashion

The Lockheed "Electra" is a fast American liner; several of them are used on the routes from London to Paris and Scandinavia. As aircraft for the R.A.F. take precedence over all other orders, commercial operators are re-equipping from the United States. For the South American route, British Airways has ordered, with the approval of the Air Ministry, four of the latest Lockheed type, which will cruise at 230 miles an hour

Do you judge a drink by its appearance ?

Yes, but even more by its disappearance !

You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness

G.E.778

The Royal Academy, 1938

Three Portraits of English Ladies

My Wife, March 1938, by James Gunn

Mrs. Frank Bowden, by Gerald Brockhurst, R.A. elect

Mrs. Charles Graves, by Gerald Brockhurst, R.A. elect

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The Royal Academy, 1938

June, My Daughter, by Kenneth K. Forbes

Circus Matinée, by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

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Ma Than E, by Gerald Kelly, R.A.

Portrait of a Lady, by George Belcher, A.R.A.

Yvonne, by Simon Elwes

Blue Jacket, by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.

The Hon. Anthony Mildmay on Davy Jones, by A. J. Munnings, R.A.

Epsom Downs, by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

The White Cliffs of Dover, by Anna Zinkeisen

"The Merchant of Venice"

Peggy Ashcroft as Portia

"In Belmont is a lady richly left, and she is fair"

George Howe as Aragon

"What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot!"

Photographs by Anthony

Glen Byam Shaw as Gratiano

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing"

Richard Ainley as Bassanio
" All the wealth I had ran in my veins, I was a gentleman "

Genevieve Jessel as Jessica : " Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! "

The last production of John Gielgud's repertory season at the Queen's Theatre is *The Merchant of Venice*. Everyone connected with the play has done his job immaculately. Motley's designs are superb : they have simplified the scenery in construction and colour and have made up for this by magnificent dresses—the first appearance of the Prince of Morocco is breathtaking and draws a round of applause. The actors are uniform in their excellence and to praise Gielgud's stinking Jew, Peggy Ashcroft's exquisite Portia, Quartermaine's ripe Antonio, Richard Ainley's sympathetic Bassanio, or the droll Gobbos of George Devine and Morland Graham is only to pick the better parts in the play. Herbert Menges' music fits smoothly into the lovely ensemble. Gielgud and Glen Byam Shaw produced the play, which is reviewed on p. 158

Frederick Lloyd as Morocco
" I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine hath feared the valiant "

John Gielgud as Shylock : " I am debating of my present store "

Sir Harold MacMichael in his Government House Study

Storm Centre

The New High Commissioner of Palestine in Jerusalem

Sir Harold MacMichael was appointed to the lively post at Government House, Jerusalem, upon the resignation of Sir Arthur Wauchope. He left with his wife and his daughter in February to take up his duties. The new High Commissioner has a distinguished record in the pro-consular service, which he entered after taking a first in Classics from Magdalene, Cambridge. He was successively Inspector in the Sudan Provinces of Kordofan, Blue Nile, and Khartoum; then the war broke out. He became political and intelligence officer with the expeditionary force which reoccupied Darfur in 1916, being thrice mentioned in despatches and winning the D.S.O. He was then made sub-governor of the province, assistant civil secretary, and civil secretary before he became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Tanganyika in 1934. His C.M.G. came in 1927, the K.C.M.G. in 1932. He holds the Order of the Nile and the Star of Ethiopia, and has published several works on African tribes and their history. He is a good shot, a keen tennis player and an expert swordsman. Lady MacMichael, whom he married in 1919, is the daughter of the late Rev. J. Otter Stephens. They have two daughters

Tail down, the peacock won't show the camera how he likes Miss Araminta MacMichael

But later,

This group in the gardens of the High Commissioner's residence consists of the Hon. Henry Cumming-Bruce (A.D.C.), Mrs. Hamilton, Lady MacMichael, Brig.-Gen. Hamilton, Miss Araminta MacMichael, Mr. MacGillivray, Sir Harold MacMichael, Miss Orr Ewing, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Edward Bickersteth

cornered and tempted with food, he displays his plumage for her

The High Commissioner's daughter inside the walls

Below: the sentry (2nd Bn., Black Watch) outside the walls

Films of the Day

Mr. Lubitsch Has Stood Still

By George Campbell

ALMOST everybody, I suppose, has seen again a film which, five or ten years ago, seemed marvellous. The experience is nearly always rather sad. How dowdy (without being quaint) the heroine's clothes, how familiar the plot, how obvious the director's tricks which once seemed so novel and so brilliant!

I never thought the day would come when one would feel like this about Lubitsch, but every film brings the maestro nearer the situation of D. W. Griffith—revered but dated, loved but half-forgotten. Fifteen years ago he was the pioneer of sophistication. He was the one man of the world (if we except the Chaplin, who made *A Woman of Paris*, and the somewhat baroque works of Erich von Stroheim) amongst adolescents telling fairy-tales for children.

But the world has marched on. Mr. Lubitsch has stood still. *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* is probably as good as *The Marriage Circle* — absolutely, that is. Comparatively, it is worse. In fifteen years other directors have caught the Lubitsch attitude, absorbed all that was best in his technique, and added new ideas of their own. Or if they haven't added new ideas, they have had the good sense to call in brilliant writers and let a witty story tell itself.

Lubitsch, on the other hand, carries the penalties of fame: he has felt obliged to go on being different: he must overload everything with what is called "the Lubitsch touch." And so, in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, you find the same characters describing the same figures on thin ice, the same reliance on visual detail, the same promenades down endless corridors and the same magnums emptied in cosy suites like three connected town-halls.

THE first reel is admirable, even though Gary Cooper is but a stooge for an unknown actor in a shop. Thereafter the smiles are polite and the laughs infrequent, until, at last, what should have been high comedy dissolves into farce, with Miss Colbert eating onions to keep her uxorious husband at bay, and Mr. Cooper trying to wrestle with his wife and a strait-jacket.

Probably the fault is Alfred Savoir's. In Paris, M. Savoir long ago gained an enormous reputation as a playwright and a wit, but either his work is grossly overrated or it is like some of those more delicate French growths that taste delicious at their place of origin but simply won't travel. In either event, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* is thin and repetitious, in the manner of the naughty 1920's. A pity, because Lubitsch himself is inherently a dazzling creature. If only he would take his virtuosity for granted and realise that the foundation of every successful picture is the story, he might again be the best comedy director living.

The acting, like the film, is patchy. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper are incapable of acting badly, but I must say there are moments in this film when Mr. Cooper comes near it. Strength, that essential integrity that we call dignity, a quiet and subtle humour—these are his special gifts; and here they are all thrown away. Mr. Cooper as a crude vulgarian acquiring wives over the counter; Mr. Cooper supinely waiting like a whipped dog for his wife to throw him a bone; Mr. Cooper held down by burly asylum attendants and made ridiculous by the strait-jacket—it simply isn't in character, and I am sure that if anybody but Lubitsch (the magic "Lubitsch touch" again) had suggested his playing the part, Mr. Cooper would have thought him crazy. Now that he has made his bow in a white-tie part, the sooner Mr. Cooper returns to his natural habitat and does another Wild Bill Hickok, the better I shall be pleased. Incidentally, it mightn't do Mr. Lubitsch any harm to direct it.

Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Although the brilliant team of Cooper and Colbert was drawing crowds to the Plaza last week, our critic is not enthusiastic about "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Lubitsch's touch is not so sure as it was, he says, and Gary Cooper looks better on a mustang than in a white tie or even a strait-jacket as he is here

"I ACCUSE" was first made by Abel Gance away back in 1920. Now he has made it again, and I found it extremely impressive. The central idea is that of "Miracle at Verdun." A visionary and idealist, sickened with war, sees the world going mad again. He calls up the dead to protest, and is burned by his people for his pains. Just what the moral of that is, I am not sure; but I do know that these closing scenes are tremendous in their irony and horror.

On the whole, though, the first half is perhaps most successful. The French are the finest character-actors in the world. The portraits of these poilus are all sharply differentiated, yet all free of that detestable exaggeration which is British films' besetting sin; and the story marches on relentlessly to its climax, reinforced with scenes of battle taken from actual war films and the most horrible shots of the dead and the maimed (again photographs of living men) ever seen outside a documentary. Victor Francen, the star of *Le Roi s'Amuse* and *Double Crime sur La Ligne Maginot*, gives a memorable performance as the crazy idealist destroyed by the people he loves.

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Powerful, comfortable, roomy, the Ford V-8 "22" is noiseless, wonderfully light on all controls, beautifully sprung, most handsomely finished inside and out, low in first cost, economical to run and maintain in A-1 order—a luxury-car, beyond argument, yet one which is run, to their perfect satisfaction, by some of the motorists keenest on pounds, shillings and pence. See it, in the local Ford Dealer's depot. Try it, driving yourself, over the most searching route you can map-out. Then reflect that we can give immediate delivery of certain colour-schemes. The completely equipped FORD V-8 "22" Saloon de Luxe illustrated is £240, at works. Catalogue on application, or from Ford Dealers throughout the British Isles.

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Ford V-8 "22"

AN EVENING at WHITE CITY

A series of paintings by GILBERT HOLIDAY

No. 1. BREAKING FROM THE TRAPS

It is, perhaps, your first evening of greyhound racing at White City. The trumpets herald the parade of runners — the greyhounds, moving with nervous grace, file round the track, past the judge's box and into the starting traps. Suddenly the lights go down . . . dead silence . . . the atmosphere is tense. From the great glass-enclosed restaurant on the grandstand you watch the scene—lean forward a little—put down your wineglass. Your eyes rivet on the white trap, on that expectant path of vividly-lit green turf. The starter signals . . . the trap snaps open . . . they're off! Six greyhounds flashing down the straight, muscles rippling, coloured jackets catching the light. Definitely one of the most thrilling spectacles that London can offer: a Start at White City!

Sandy Herd and Don Bradman

Sandy Herd, the professional of Moor Park, received there on his seventieth birthday a visit from the Australian cricketers. Three days before, he had pulled off his remarkable feat of holing the West Course in 67—two strokes below his age—during play in the £1000 professional tournament. It made him "the happiest man in the world," and he was still looking very pleased as he discussed the little white ball of his profession with another great maker of strokes. The first appearance of the Australians was on the loveliest of English grounds at Worcester last Saturday, and there was little hope of any cracks appearing in the semi-divine reputation gained by our visitors

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Start of the English Championship

THE fourteenth English Amateur Championship was played last month on the course of the Moortown G.C. near Leeds. I am writing before play in the last rounds has been started: consequently, I can only deal with the County Championship and the first three days' play in the Championship itself.

This year the counties were represented by three players instead of four as formerly. Staffordshire won for the first time with a score of 452, consisting of a 77 and a 71 by Charles Stowe; a 73 and a 78 by R. M. W. Pritchard, and a 76 and a 77 by T. R. Deighton, which represented good golf under the prevailing conditions.

THE first day of the Championship saw the defeat of Stanley Lunt, who won this Championship at Formby in 1934, where he beat in the final L. G. Crawley, who had been about six up on him at lunch-time.

Cyril Tolley, who has yet to win this Championship, also failed to survive the first round, in which he was defeated by J. W. J. Merris of Woollaton Park, who, as he did not have to start until 3.20 p.m., spent the morning at work visiting clients in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield. If he had beaten Tolley in the morning and visited his clients in the afternoon, he would have been practically bound, whether he wished to or not, to have exploited his golfing skill to further the interests of his firm, and I feel convinced that he would have got contracts galore.

Merris proved on the Wednesday that his win against Tolley was no great fluke by beating Captain W. S. Wise, who was the only holder of an open championship in the field. A short time ago Wise won the Gloucester and Somerset Open Championship, in which he had to compete with several well-known professional golfers.

Merris is not a very impressive golfer to watch, but there is not the slightest doubt that he gets good results and that he is a difficult man to beat. He has not a long carry and kept the ball low and made it run a long way on the hard, dry fairways, and when he got in the vicinity of the green he wasted no shots.

IT was nice to see the E.G.U. with a president who is a good enough golfer to play in its championship. Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, "Birdman No. 1," was, however, unfortunate to draw such a very good player as A. E. Hutton, of the Wanstead G.C., in the first round, who had done a 72 in the County Championship.

John Lyon, who was captain of the Cambridge University G.C. a few years ago, appeared to have improved as a golfer since his marriage a few weeks ago. He shot his head off on the first day, when he went out in 32 with a six in it. However, the next day he, in turn, had his head shot off by R. A. Howell, who is a really first-class golfer and who has won nearly everything there is to win in Sussex.

J. P. Marston, of Frilford Heath G.C., was apparently determined to get full value for his entrance money: in the first round he was dormie six and refused to win until the eighteenth hole had been played, and in the second round he played twenty-three holes before he disposed of his opponent.

On the Tuesday, T. J. Thirsk played extremely well for a selector, or, for that matter, any other form of golfer or public entertainer; he was out in 34, six up at the turn, and won at his ease by five and four at the refreshment hut—a very suitable place to finish a match.

FRANK PENNINK, the holder, made very heavy weather of his second- and third-round matches. In the second round he had to hole from over two yards to save his bacon on the last green, and then won at the nineteenth, at which hole his iron shot second flew lower than he could possibly have intended it to. In the third round he, by rights, should again have had to play the nineteenth hole, but his opponent was kind enough to make a complete mess of the eighteenth, when a short iron shot to the green would have won him the hole and halved the match.

J. Gent versus J. A. Graham looked on paper a great match, but it turned out to be a very tame affair. Both players started as if they were terrified of each other and refused to take the chances which came their way. Gent, the more experienced, settled down first, and, assisted by local knowledge, won comfortably in the end by five and four.

Harry Bentley also scraped through the second round by his opponent allowing him to win the eighteenth hole (410 yards) in five.

THE Wednesday saw numerous fancied players get home more by good luck than good management. Charles Stowe was three down after six holes and still two down on the fourteenth tee, and would have been three down if his opponent had not taken three putts from a very short distance on the twelfth green. The fourteenth was a very crucial hole; after the tee shots, Cowley looked certain to be three up and four plus *x* to play. However, Stowe played a very difficult chip from under the hedge on the left terribly well, and then Cowley played a very easy chip very weakly, missed his putt, and found himself one up instead of the three up which he must have with good reason expected.

Cowley, I imagine, must believe in the two-up-and-five-to-play superstition, as he never hit another good shot and lost three of the last four holes. One could not help admiring Stowe's courage in this match when things were going against him.

Crawley, after being four down on the eleventh tee against L. C. Nunneley, won four of the next seven holes and was then allowed to win the eighteenth in five, after both players had played the hole equally badly, except that Crawley required two putts to his opponent's three.

SIDNEY BANKS showed that it is not at all necessary to abolish the stymie by lofting one when his ball was over a yard from the hole to win his match against George Carter, whose ball was only three inches from the hole. Banks pitched straight into the hole—a bold and skilful shot, but one you expect a skilful golfer to play. The lofting of a stymie is not a difficult shot, but so many golfers cannot play the most simple shots in a crisis. If you watch anyone practising lofting stymies you will find that he seldom misses, and yet when the same man has to loft a stymie in a match he seldom holes.

AS I write it is difficult to forecast the winner, but it is easy to name several who are still alive who have no possible chance of winning on this course, which, in its present condition, favours the man who can use his head and play the right type of shots. The winner will be a real golfer with all the shots at his command.

Would-be Champions of England *numbered over two hundred when the Amateur opened at Moortown. Harry Bentley, of Hesketh, was one of the more fancied starters (he reached the sixth round) and he is here seen with R. Pattinson*

Third-round opponents *were C. H. V. Elliot (Notts.) and another Bentley from Hesketh (A. L.). The former beat the latter by one hole and went on to fall in the next round*

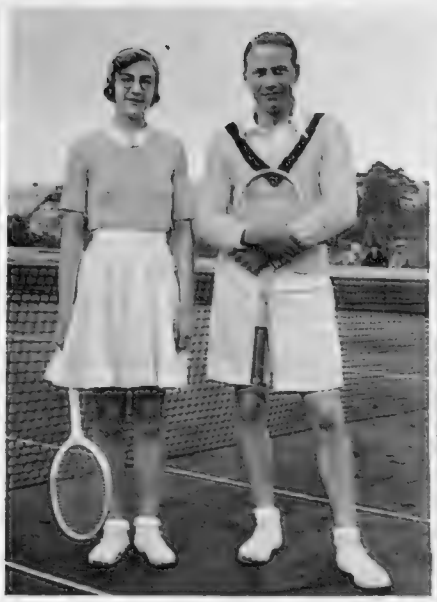
Defeated *in the early rounds were D. S. Redmond, of Mid-Beds, who fell to A. Fell in the first, and J. A. Graham, a Walker Cup nominee, who lost to another, J. E. Gent, in the second*

Golf Clubs at Home: Wyke Green, Middlesex

The Wyke Green Golf Club is bounded on one side by a Great Western Railway line and on another by the Piccadilly Tube. It is just off the Great West Road. Yet despite this, it is a countrified and in places even beautiful course, and the player is not strongly reminded that he is within nine miles of Hyde Park Corner. The course was opened in 1929, is laid out in two loops of nine holes, has a total length of 6150 yards

(1) H. A. Coyish (captain). (2) S. M. Inwards (vice-captain). (3) F. J. Cursons (ex-captain). (4) H. G. Margetts. (5) J. O. Carpenter. (6) W. N. Fowkes. (7) A. W. Hanson. (8) F. M. Dean (professional) and Captain E. I. M. Barnett (secretary). (9) W. Evans (committee) and V. G. Turner. (10) R. A. Inwards, J. de la Mott, R. L. Viner. (11) V. J. Baker and W. J. O'Reilly

Under Five Feet *are these three competitors in the British hard court championships at Bournemouth: Chinese Gem Hoahing, Chilean Anita Lizana and English Muriel Bray, junior champion of Surrey. Sta. Lizana, who was defending her title, had a surprise defeat from Nancy Wynne (far right)*



Under Eighteen *are these two partners in Bournemouth's mixed doubles: Rosemary Thomas, sixteen-year-old junior champion of England, and Peter Hare, younger brother of Charles Hare, of last year's Davis Cup team. Miss Thomas succeeded in taking a set from Kay Stammers*

An International Partnership *was made up for the mixed doubles by Christian Boussus of France and Nancy Wynne of Australia, champions of their respective countries. Boussus' defeat in the first round of the singles by D. W. Butler, British Davis Cup player, was a surprise*

Howard Marshall on Sport

WHEN these notes appear, I shall be on my way to Oxford to watch the Australians playing the University. Any more agreeable introduction to English cricketing than matches at Worcester and Oxford I cannot imagine, and the newcomers in the Australian team are forming very happy impressions of the English countryside.

We all have our favourite cricket grounds. Some like the austerities of Old Trafford, and others the rural charm of Horsham. But for my part I can think of no lovelier settings for the game than the fields at Worcester and the Oxford Parks with its wonderful background of encircling trees.

Such surroundings should do much to strengthen the Australians' determination to enjoy their cricket. I never heard a cricketer speak better in public than Don Bradman. And the theme of all his speeches—and his private conversations, for that matter—has been the necessity for a happier approach to our great game.

If he and his men can do something to take the iron out of representative cricket, they will have rendered a great service to international sport.

WE do not expect for a moment that the Test Matches will be anything but serious. We appreciate the almost voracious concentration of an Australian team on such occasions. There is no reason, however, why Test Matches, if they are inevitably and rightly serious, should not also be fundamentally friendly trials of strength.

It is unfortunate that Bradman has already had to cable for another player to take the place, temporarily at least, of Sidney Barnes, who so unluckily fractured his wrist by falling on board ship.

If the Australian Board of Control decide to send a substitute, it will probably be Ross Gregory, the young Victorian all-rounder. Gregory would be an extremely useful addition to the team. He has already proved his worth as a batsman in Test Matches, and he is also a very capable slow bowler.

IT is too early to form any opinion about Australia's strength. But from preliminary glimpses in the nets at Lord's, it is quite obvious that Badcock is a player of the highest quality, particularly against fast bowling. I like the look of Hassett, too, and fancy he may be an outstanding success. Hassett is a stylist, and his technique is soundly founded.

The great O'Reilly appears to have retained all his cunning and control. But we cannot begin to judge the Australian bowlers yet. McCormick, for example, will not loosen up yet awhile. He needs some hot weather to thaw him out properly; but

(Concluded on page 190)

The Army Golfing Society *held its championship meeting at Muirfield, home of the honourable company of Edinburgh golfers. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Grant, O.C. in Scotland, was a player*

Another Player *in the Army championship at Muirfield was Lieut.-Col. the Earl of Breadalbane and Holland. He won an M.C. in the war, lives at Killin, Perthshire*

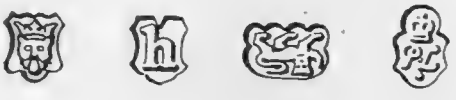
The Army Champion *remained the Army champion at Muirfield with 78+73=151, and also won the Black Watch gold medal. He is Lieut. Anthony Duncan, Welsh Guards, Walker Cup trialist*

Two ex-Amateur Champions *at Muirfield were Mr. Robert Maxwell, the only civilian honorary member of the Army G.S., and Lieut.-Col. A. Gordon Barry, R.T.C. The former did rounds of 81 and 87*

STERLING SILVER

Genuine silverware invariably carries four marks, the assay office stamp, date letter, sovereign's mark and maker's initials. Thus, connoisseurs can tell that the lovely Newdegate centrepiece here illustrated, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, was made by Paul Lamerie in London in the reign of George II, 1743-4.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY



Genuine ale, like sterling silver, also has its distinguishing mark. It is appropriate, therefore, that the Bass Triangle should have been the very first to be registered under the Trade Marks Act. Bass, the Vintage Ale of England, is recognised by the Triangle so that throughout the world, those for whom only the best is good enough may know that they are being supplied with genuine Bass.

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Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 188)*

At the Newmarket Sales

These five people were at Newmarket for the Bloodstock Sales: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke, Mr. A. T. Smith Bingham, Mr. Harry Brown and Mrs. Smith Bingham

he will undoubtedly prove to be uncommonly fast for a few overs.

Ward, who is Grimmett's successor, appears to have the requisite command of length, and he certainly spins the ball. But we must wait to discover whether he possesses the diabolical subtlety of his great little predecessor.

One thing is quite certain: the Australians have already established themselves as one of the friendliest Dominion teams ever to visit this country, and their popularity is assured.

Bradman himself has mellowed remarkably. He was always pleasant to meet, but on previous tours he has shared the reserve of the rest of the team. Now, as Australia's captain, he has blossomed out into a most genial urbanity, and his influence on the tour will be great.

CRICKET is not the only game to be well under way. Lawn tennis is fully into its stride, and the golfers are working up to great events.

We were sorry to hear that little Señorita Anita Lizana had sprained her ankle at Bournemouth. Ankle troubles are apt to recur, particularly if they are not treated with due respect. But we must hope that Señorita Lizana will soon be in fighting trim again.

One thing the Bournemouth Hard Court Championships did appear to prove is that F. H. D. Wilde and D. W. Butler, who have been selected for the Davis Cup match against Rumania, are probably our best doubles pair.

AS for the golfers, some of our potential Walker Cup players increased their reputations in the English Amateur Championship. But others had uncomfortably narrow squeaks against opponents who were not expected to press them hard.

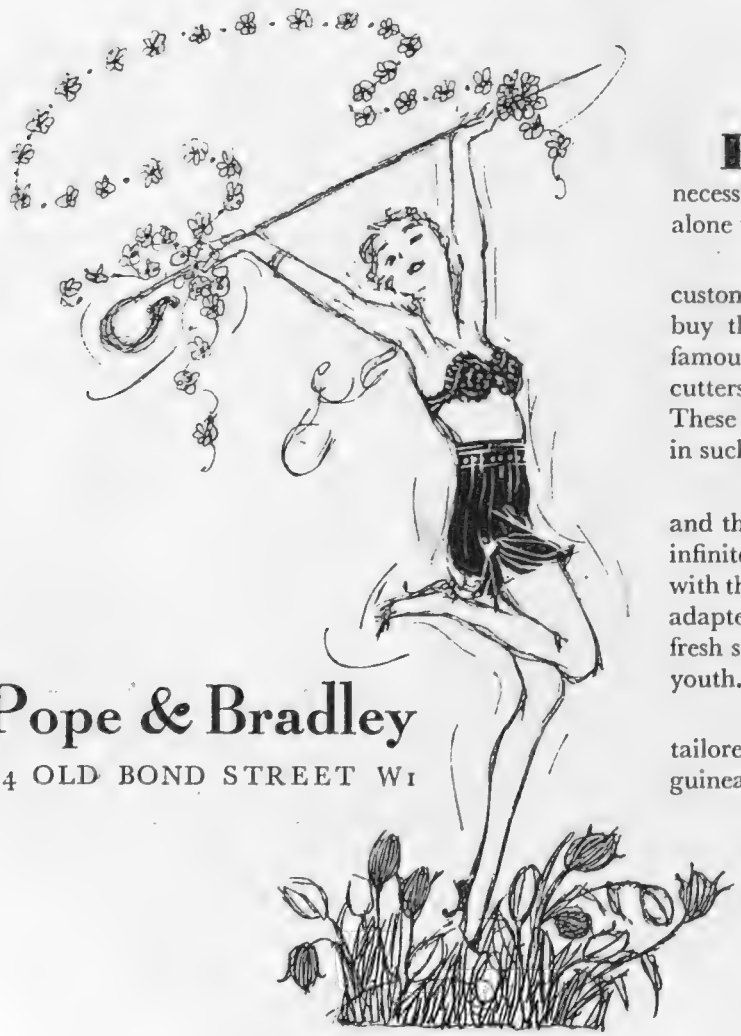
J. J. F. Pennink, for example, faltered strangely in the middle of his match against J. Rushworth, of Yorkshire. Possibly this is not significant, but we do expect consistency from Pennink, though it is true enough that he pulled himself together after being two down with four to go.

Perhaps the results in a meeting of this kind should encourage us by proving that we have far more really good players who are quite capable of beating the tigers than we ever admit. On the other hand, it would be good to see some of our probable representatives sweeping majestically through to the final rounds and showing themselves very obviously in a class above the other competitors.

THE surprise visit of Walter Neusel to London last week, by the way, rather suggests that something is in the air where heavy-weight boxing is concerned.

It has been suggested that negotiations are afoot for another match between Neusel and Tommy Farr; but I doubt this very much.

It is difficult, in fact, to see any suitable opponents for Neusel in England, though I suppose that any fight in which Farr was concerned would draw the crowd. The prospects, at any rate, of any big heavy-weight fight in London during the summer seem, at the moment, rather remote.



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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE principal event of next week-end is the Junior Car Club's Trophy Race at Brooklands. This race has always been of especial interest on account of the unique system of handicapping used exclusively by its organisers. Whereas the various cars differ in size and speed, yet a massed start of the whole field is provided, while the order on each lap is actually the race order—as distinct from those races where the credit-laps system of handicapping is employed, in which spectators can only find out who is really in the lead if they are accompanied by a chartered accountant in a bowler-hat and a brace of assistants to tell him how to work his slide-rule!

In the International Trophy Race, the handicap is provided by the course over which the cars race, for at one point on each circuit competitors are diverted into three channels, according to the size of their cars, the severity of the artificial corners in these channels constituting the handicap. The object of this arrangement is to bring the lap-speed of each group of cars to a common figure. For Saturday's race, the three class-groups are as follows: Group I.—For cars with supercharged engines up to 1100 c.c. and cars with unsupercharged engines up to 1750 c.c. Group II.—For cars with supercharged engines over 1100 c.c., but under 1750 c.c.; and cars with unsupercharged engines over 1750 c.c. Group III.—For cars with supercharged engines over 1750 c.c.

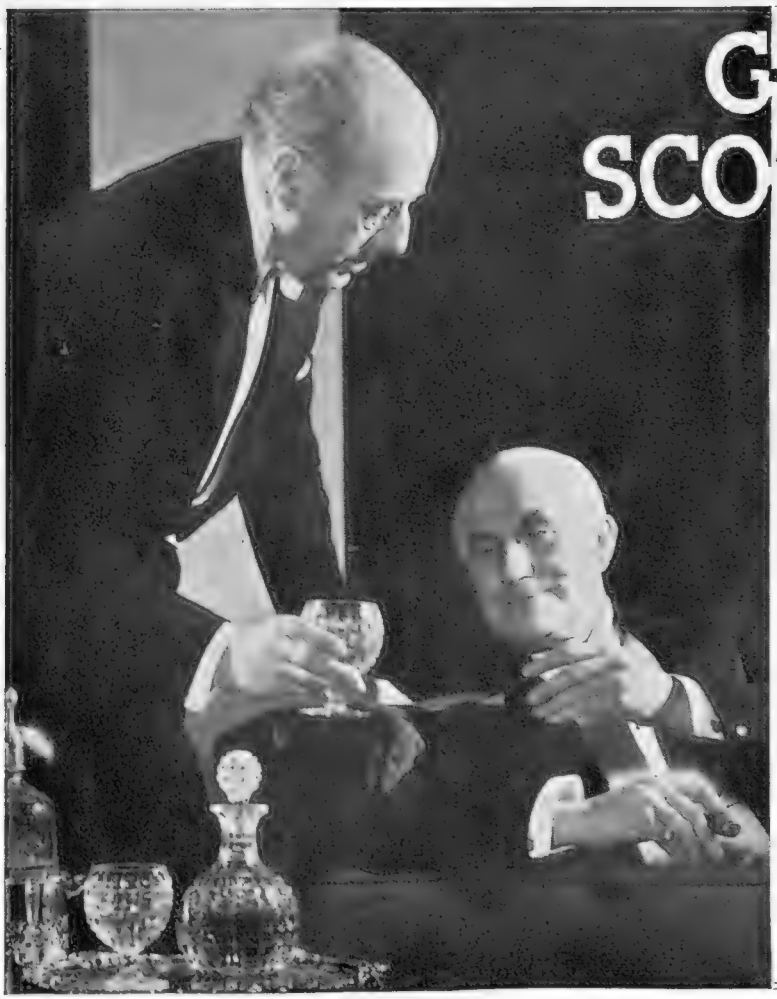
AN exceptionally good entry has been received, totalling more than thirty cars, of which seven or eight are E.R.A.s, four are Alfa-Romeos, five are M.G.s, three are Maseratis, two are twelve-cylinder Grand Prix Delages, two Delahayes, two Rileys, and two Altas; while Wilkins has entered his new B.H.W., of which great things are expected. This car has taken nearly two years to build, and the engine, I understand, is a particularly fast 5-litre Bugatti unit. Powys-Lybbe's Talbot is another interesting entry, while a great performance is predicted for the brand-new Multi-Union (a car with pronounced Alfa-Romeo characteristics), which has been entered by Flt. Lieut. C. S. Staniland. Earl Howe, "B. Bira," Raymond Mays, Billy Cotton, Louis Gerrard, R. E. Tongue, and Percy Maclure are among the other drivers who are to compete. The only woman driver will be Mrs. E. M. Thomas (Alfa-Romeo).

There is something new in prizes for this race, by the way. In events of this character, it sometimes happens that certain of the cars entered are at a disadvantage on the score of age, and, realising this, the Junior Car Club is

(*Concluded on page 194.*)

A Daimler Rally Entry

The Daimler New Fifteen entered for the Blackpool Rally which finished last Saturday was driven by R. M. V. Sutton and C. M. Simpson, seen here with the car



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Motoring Comentary *(Continued from page 192).*

offering a special award of £50 for which the entrants of cars raced prior to January 1st of last year alone will be eligible to compete. This award will be made to the entrant of the car which, complying with the condition referred to, is placed highest in the general classification of results, without occupying one of the first three places.

THIS year, for the first time, part of the Campbell Circuit can be included in the course, and cars will start in the old finishing straight, turning sharp left on to the Campbell Circuit straight at the fork, swinging *right* on rejoining the outer circuit, proceeding down past the fork, round the Byfleet banking, up the railway straight, and right again at the Members' turn, back into the old finishing straight; the handicap channels being situated about three-quarters of the way down this straight.

The race, which starts at 3 p.m., consists of 60 laps of this 3·4-miles-long circuit.

BY the tragic death of Eric Fernihough, when attempting to recapture for Great Britain the world's motor-cycle speed record, England has lost a notable patriot. Fernihough was the only man prepared to devote his own resources to the upholding of our motor-cycling prestige. His many achievements are all the more meritorious because he worked under the tremendous handicap of very poor eyesight. Indeed, without his powerful glasses he was virtually blind.

Where are we to find another man of Fernihough's ability and patriotic fervour? I wish I could answer that question. Perhaps the belated appreciations of his good work which have appeared in his obituaries may serve to focus attention upon the fact that when he scored his great triumph for the honour of Britain his was a lone effort, in marked contrast to those of his German and Italian rivals, who were State-subsidised throughout. If only the Government will now realise the value to us internationally of achievements such as those which made Fernihough's name even more respected on the Continent than at home, perhaps his death will have added immeasurably to his many great achievements while he lived.

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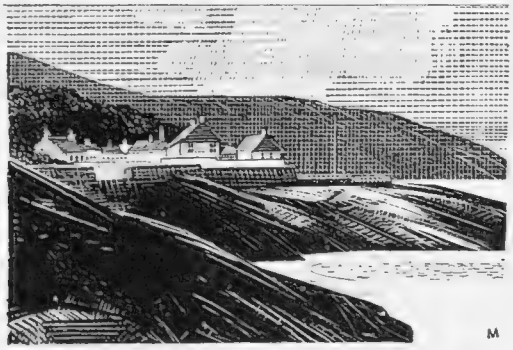

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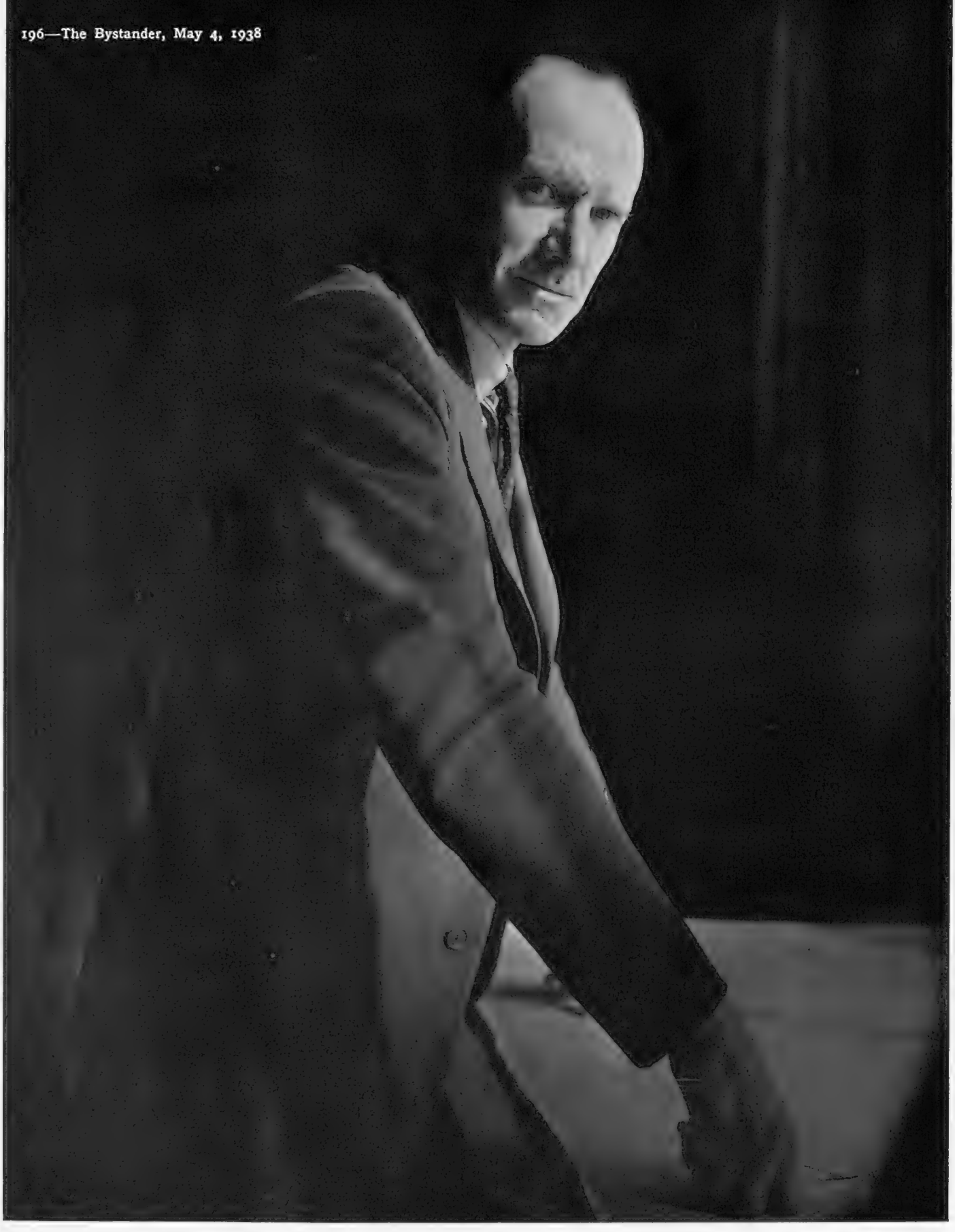

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Geoffrey de Havilland—Thirty Years as Designer and Pilot

Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, O.B.E., A.F.C., best known as our leading designer of civil aircraft, is also one of the few pilots in the world to have flown regularly for thirty years. He was at Farnborough before the European War, designing the B.E. and the S.E. After a brief spell as a pilot in France, he was appointed technical director of Airco at Hendon, and his own company came into being in 1920. It was the "Moth" in 1925 and the "Gipsy" engine in 1926 which made de Havillands known and flown all over the world. More recent history concerns the "Comet" racer and the "Albatross," designed for Transatlantic mails. The veteran designer won the King's Cup in 1933, flying his own "Leopard Moth," and at the beginning of this year he flew a "Rapide" to Kenya. Captain de Havilland's skill as a pilot has never varied, which accounts in part for his singular success as a designer

The Training of Pilots in the Royal Air Force

By the Rt. Hon. Earl Winterton, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

(Deputy to the Secretary of State for Air)

THE decision taken by the Government in 1935 to increase the Royal Air Force to three times its existing size immediately created two problems: to manufacture the machines and equipment for the new force and to train the men to use them. The country is, I think, aware of the industrial problem which is involved in producing the many thousands of aeroplanes which are needed, but I doubt if it is always realised how far the resources of the nation have been strained in training the vastly increased number of pilots who must be entered during these years. Even the slender acquaintance with the problem which I have gained since I took up office in the Air Ministry a short time ago has shown me how formidable and complex it is. Fortunately, the organisation of the Royal Air Force had been designed to take a strain of this kind, and the small force which existed three years ago was admirably suited to form the nucleus of the expanded force.

THE Air Ministry was concerned, at the very outset, to make the very best use of all the training resources which the country could afford, not only in the Royal Air Force but in civil flying. In the Royal Air Force a training system second to none had been evolved in the years after the war, and this organisation was expanded until there were eleven Flying Training Schools in operation instead of five. But in order to conserve the resources of the Service schools it was decided to entrust the initial training of pilots to civil schools, and to use the Service schools only for more advanced Service training. Under this new system the first 2½ months of a pilot's training are spent at a civil school, and he goes on to the Service school with a very considerable knowledge of flying.

Charles E. Brown

Guarding "The Rock." An R.A.F. seaplane over the Straits of Gibraltar, where our patrol has been especially vigilant during the past two years

"Flight"

The Hawker "Hurricane," with a Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine, is the fastest fighter in service with the R.A.F. London to Edinburgh in an easy flight — its best speed on that journey has been 408 miles an hour

THIS economy in the use of Service instructors has made it possible to extend the training at the Service school, and as a result the pilot enters his squadron with considerably more training behind him than was the case before the expansion scheme was launched. This was a wise innovation, because a pilot has nowadays much more to learn than he had a few years ago. Scientific progress has immensely increased the potentialities of aeroplanes, particularly in range. Consequently a pilot must learn to navigate his aeroplane over many hundred miles of unknown country. Again, it is now possible for aeroplanes to fly safely in weather conditions which would have made flying impossible a few years ago, but this advance has made the task of the pupil pilot more difficult, not simpler, because he must learn to use and understand those instruments and scientific aids which make bad-weather flying possible.

(Continued on page 198)

Charles E. Brown

The prototype of the Blackburn "Skua" on test. It is a fighter and a dive-bomber of 1000 horse-power, now in production for the Fleet Air Arm

"Flight"

An R.A.F. Tiger Moth with Gipsy engine, one of the best trainers ever built. It is a direct descendant of the original Gipsy Moth of 1925-26, the light 'plane which was responsible for the private-flying movement

It is not that the new fast machines are harder to fly—I have been most impressed by the comparisons made by experienced pilots between the older types and the new aeroplanes which are being brought into service—it is simply that the new machines are capable of ranges and operations which would have been impossible a few years ago, and the scope of the pilot's knowledge must be widened in proportion.

It is not until the pilot leaves his training school and joins a squadron that the most important and interesting part of his training begins. He has already gained a mastery of his machine, and he must then learn to use it for warfare. Tactical training proceeds constantly, and every unit has a full programme drawn up every year. The progress of the programme is watched by the Air Officers Commanding, who make frequent inspections in order to see that every squadron in their Command is on its way to become an efficient fighting unit.

Now that so many new aerodromes are being established, probably every reader, unless he lives in very hilly country, has a Royal Air Force station within a few miles of his home. If he lives near Doncaster, he is becoming accustomed to seeing formations of heavy bombers from the aerodrome at Finningley starting off on a long flight to a distant objective, which they must find, not by noting landmarks on the ground, but by compass and wireless or even by astronomical observations, like the master of a ship at sea. Special astronomical tables have already been issued for the Royal Air Force. If he lives near Northolt he sees fighters practising the tactics of attack; changing formation to bring the densest possible field of fire on to opposing bombers and manœuvring so as to break up the bomber formations and prevent each bomber defending the unguarded points of its neighbour in the formation. Each manœuvre must be practised again and again until it becomes second nature. Much of the time of fighter squadrons is spent in co-operating with the other parts of the air defence organisation, the guns and searchlights and the observer corps: soon the balloon barrage squadrons will take part. Periodically there takes place a full-dress exercise, such as the annual air exercises over London, but the training is continuous throughout the year.

Similarly, the flying-boat and other reconnaissance squadrons carry out periodical full-dress exercises with the Fleet and the Shore defences, but throughout the year they practise shadowing ships, carrying out torpedo attacks, and long-distance navigation. There is also a full programme every year for flights between Home stations and the different Commands overseas; this programme involves some twenty squadrons, which carry out a General Post over an area which extends from West Africa to the North-West Frontier and from England to Singapore.

The annual programmes of all squadrons are most exacting and permit of no time being lost. Aeroplanes are never sent up "to fly around"; every flight has a definite end in view. Even in elementary training every flight is designed to serve a particular purpose, such as practising spinning, or curing a tendency to side-slip in turns. Inexperienced pilots must necessarily perform these evolutions near their aerodromes, and if the cloud ceiling is low they cannot ascend far, so that their training must necessarily, I fear, often try the patience of those who live nearby. I think, however, it will be found easier to bear this inconvenience if it is remembered that these aeroplanes are not circling round aimlessly, but are performing a useful function. I have myself found that my interest in aeroplanes I have seen overhead has been quickened since I took up office at the Air Ministry and gained an idea of the meaning of the evolutions I watched and the functions of the different machines I saw.

Territorial Army searchlights concentrating on a "raider" over Essex. Much practice is required to locate the "enemy" and keep him in the beam

The training of the Auxiliary Air Force must be mentioned separately, but in kind it differs little from that of other

(Concluded on page vi)

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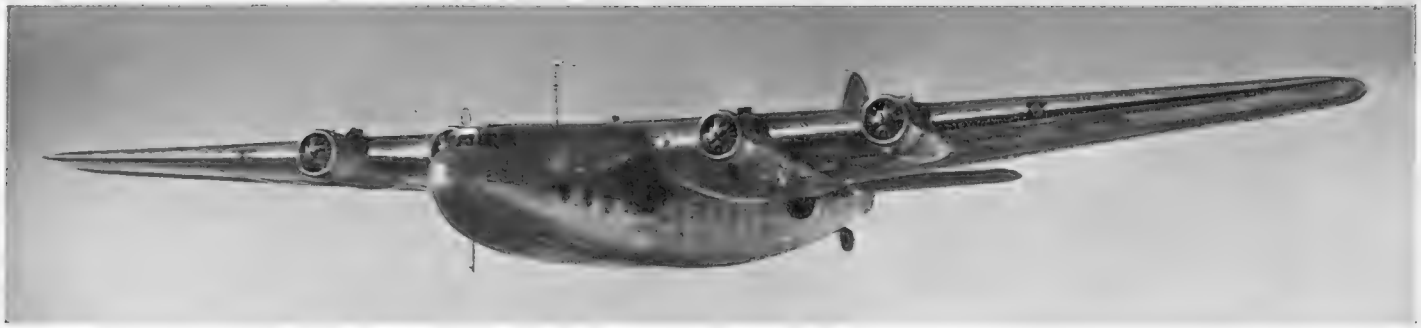

An Imperial Flagship. The "Ensign," designed and built by Armstrong-Whitworths, will carry forty passengers on European routes. Fourteen are under construction for Imperial Airways

British Air-Liners

The Cadman Report and the Future

By F. Handley Page, Esq., C.B.E.

President of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors

BRITISH civil aviation to-day is in a curiously patchy state. On the one hand, it may boast of achievements which are unsurpassed by any of the world's air-transport organisations, either in extent and efficiency of operation or in the technical excellence of the aircraft employed. On the other hand, there is an acknowledged lack in some categories of medium-sized all-metal civil aircraft of a kind that have been considerably developed in some other countries in a benevolent atmosphere of enormous government help and large potential "home" markets. Naturally enough, the aircraft constructing industries so favoured have been able to undertake large development, and to export their surplus at competitive prices.

Imperial Airways' aircraft carry a greater tonnage of external air-mail than any other organisation in the world. The company operates the largest and fastest fleet of commercial seaplanes. First to introduce the "four-engined aircraft only" policy, which is now being copied by the major foreign air-transport companies, including those of the U.S.A. and Germany, Imperial Airways has an enviable record for safety, comfort and regularity to which the British aircraft industry has greatly contributed. Further, the British industry has produced in large numbers dependable and efficient small air-liners which have made air transport feasible and economical in countries where State financial aid for air transport has been altogether lacking or extremely meagre. In those categories of aircraft—the large and the small—the national industry may safely challenge comparison with the best foreign endeavour. Imperial Airways has time and again ordered aeroplanes "off the drawing-board," without provision for the building and thorough testing of a prototype aircraft, and has yet to be disappointed. In development and production of air-liners suitable for economic working without subsidy, the British aircraft industry has shown more than usual enterprise, and has sometimes taken more than usual risks.

THE Government's decisions on the Report of the Cadman Committee enquiry promises to do much to remedy our shortcomings. In characteristic fashion, we have frankly recognised our mistakes and are setting out energetically to correct them. Nevertheless, we must recognise that the fundamental change in policy is abandonment of the theory, adopted in this country since the beginnings of commercial air transport, that civil aviation must fly by itself; to that extent we have been forced by the pressure of foreign competition to postpone to a distant future the day when commercial flying shall stand unsupported as an economic and thoroughly businesslike entity. Whether or not we and other nations would have been better advised to oblige air transport to develop without artificial aid is still subject for argument. In the meantime, the Government proposals promise acceptable help in the immediate future.

Destructive criticism makes better "news" than constructive criticism. The newspaper reader is fundamentally more interested in attack than in defence. It is not surprising, therefore, that the resounding phrases in which the Cadman Committee expressed their dissatisfaction with some aspects of the present state of affairs have achieved more prominent

(Concluded on page 202)

Loading the mails into a British Airways' liner at Croydon. This company links London with Stockholm in 7 hours

A de Havilland "Express," the type used by Railway Air Services on their routes to Scotland and Northern Ireland

You can now fly from England to

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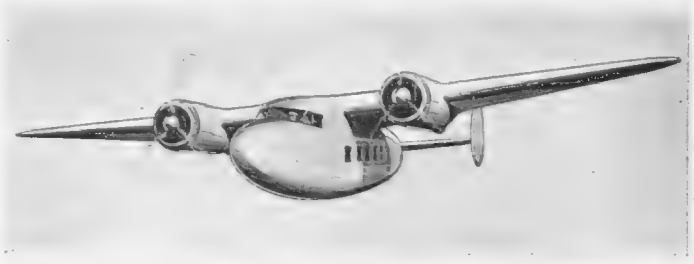
Stuarts

British Air-Liners

(Continued from page 200)

publicity than their tributes to the British civil air effort. They say nothing to shake the general opinion of the world's experts that the British Empire air-mail scheme, launched on the bold assumption that in the interests of the community all first-class mails should travel by air without surcharge throughout the Empire, represents a major forward step in world communications. They declare that the carriage of air passengers in safety and comfort, and the conveyance of mails and freight, have been achieved by Imperial Airways with "considerable efficiency." They dismiss as unfounded some of the more startling charges levelled at the company in the House of Commons debate that led to the Committee's appointment. They point out that Imperial Airways receives much less subsidy than four major European companies, and that its subsidy payments in the past four years represent a much smaller proportion of its total revenue.



The Shape of Things to Fly. An impression of an all-metal de Havilland liner, for which orders have been accepted for delivery in 1939. It will cruise at more than 200 miles an hour

In some respects the Report is less than fair to the British aircraft industry. It contains, for example, no reference to the great effort made by a leading British manufacturer in design and production of smaller types of economic transport aeroplanes, which has far outreached the comparable foreign effort and has resulted in sales abroad of hundreds of multi-engined craft which, though not so speedy as the larger and more costly all-metal aeroplanes, have made possible the inauguration and efficient operation of air-transport routes in many countries. The Report also says nothing—possibly because the fact is generally accepted—of the high qualities in speed, comfort, security and efficiency of the large four-engined air-liners which make up the main British transport fleet.

The existence of a gap in the British range of civil aircraft must be attributed to the policy governing British air-transport development in the past fifteen years, and the lack within the British Isles of a potential home market comparable with that of the United States. Without an adequate market the manufacturer is handicapped. Development of fast all-metal aeroplanes is costly, involving, perhaps, more than £100,000 before the prototype is through its tests, and no manufacturer can undertake such expenditure unless he has a reasonable hope of reimbursement through profits from subsequent production orders. The United States, a great homogeneous country covering more than three million square miles and admirably suited for fast transport enterprise, affords a "home" market sufficient to repay such development. Germany, forced by the Treaty of Versailles to concentrate her entire effort on civil aviation, offered a large potential market for other, no less influential, reasons. Geography and national policy have restricted the British market within small limits, though the Empire as a whole may offer possibilities of sales not rivalled even in the United States. Primarily, our task must be to secure, with the help of the new governmental policy, that Empire market.

American girls en route for Bermuda by Imperial Airways' service from Baltimore. The comfort of the "Empire" flying-boats, thirty of which have been built by Short Brothers of Rochester, is well illustrated

In a very real sense, the Government's decisions to double the annual subsidy payable to regular air-transport undertakings; to give substantial financial help in the development of new types of aeroplanes; to bring the aircraft industry into close consultation; and to strengthen the Air Ministry civil air organisation, constitute a new charter for British civil flying.

Great extensions of the present British routes, in Europe as well as in the Empire and over the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, are planned. The West Indies service, for so many years delayed on the grounds that more urgent services required a share of the limited funds available, may materialise. The Air Ministry, which has done much within severe financial limitations to encourage civil aircraft development in the past, is preparing useful help in four categories of air-liner. One manufacturer has produced a satisfactory design for a fast all-metal monoplane to carry twelve to seventeen passengers weighing, with full load, between 16,000 and 18,000 lb. The prototype aircraft will be finished and flown this year, and, providing adequate orders are placed, the machine will go into production early in 1939. A draft specification for a larger transport 'plane, of between 24,000 and 26,000 lb. gross weight, has been referred for criticism to the operating companies likely to need an aeroplane of this size.

Two other, more ambitious, projects are planned. One covers the manufacture of a prototype air-liner designed for long-range flying, including long journeys at great heights. It will be, in other words, the first British "stratosphere" air-liner. The second concerns design of a long-range aircraft, much larger than any yet built in the world, which may be needed to re-equip main air-routes within the next few years.

Inevitably, the great demands on the British aircraft industry of Royal Air Force rearmament and expansion must raise doubts whether so ambitious a programme of civil aircraft development may be fulfilled in its entirety without cutting across the still more urgent military work. The number of skilled personnel, for example, in the industry is limited and time is needed to train more men to the required standards. A design project for a large new air-liner must absorb many thousands of man-hours, and a difficult problem may confront the constructor who has to decide between the military and civil sides of his business. On the other hand, civil aircraft development may stimulate competition in design that may be reflected in enhanced performance of civil and military aeroplanes, while, on the analogy of the mercantile marine and the Navy, a large and flourishing civil air-transport system must add considerably to the war "potential" in flying personnel, manufacturing capacity and matériel of the nation.

We can attain and maintain Britain's traditional leadership in all branches of civil aviation, even if the military effort may overshadow the industry for some years to come. Rational progress in civil aircraft building and operation can greatly benefit civil aviation when the military emergency is over. Given an adequate market, the British aircraft constructor is at least as competent to design and manufacture aeroplanes in every category as his most efficient foreign rival.

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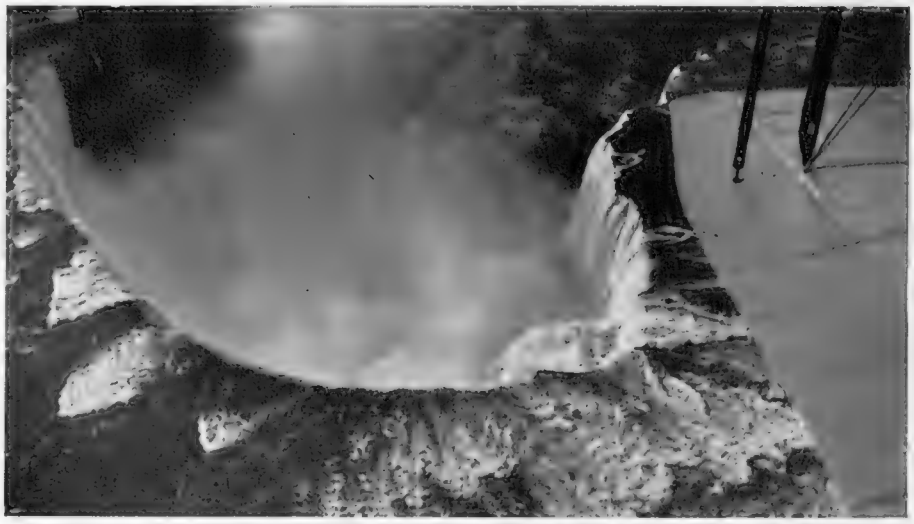
Air Power

For Peace or War? : A Flying Review for 1938

By Charles Ward

"Bystander" Air Correspondent



J. E. Archbald

Niagara, showing the Canadian Horseshoe. This photograph was taken from the open cockpit of a Moth, flying at 250 feet above the river

To Achieve Security

HAS aviation got out of control? Are the pleasures and advantages of flying to be lost in the fog of war? These are questions for any candidate studying the conquest of the air before taking a "Degree of Sanity." The same aeroplane that acts as a vehicle for the fastest transport, as an armchair from which to view the wonders of the world, is convertible within a few hours to a mobile gun-turret. How can the claims of peace and goodwill be reconciled with those of destruction? In 1938 there is only one answer to these queries: primarily, the aeroplane must remain a weapon of defence, until such time as the twin voices of common sense and common humanity are heeded by all in power and authority. Our own position is clear cut. We must have air parity with the strongest power in the world, in order to safeguard that which belongs to us. No lesser standard will ensure security. The ways and means to achieve rearmament, especially in the air, have been difficult for us, because the aircraft industry was allowed by successive Governments to suffer a major decline. The R.A.F. was reduced to minute proportions, and civil aviation was told to fly by itself. The volte-face on the Service side occurred two years ago. That decreed for commercial operators had to await the Cadman Committee.

Mass Production

BETWEEN the Air Ministry, the Treasury, and the aircraft industry, wide differences of opinion have been observed, but these, in the face of danger, are being rapidly composed. It is useless, however, to talk of mass production of aircraft, when not more than 1000 is required of any one type, and each type is subjected to hundreds of modifications before it reaches finality. Many parts for aircraft and engines could be mass-produced, but the complete product is never built from raw material to finished article in one place. Our labour problem is acute, because the construction of an aeroplane, especially a Service aeroplane, requires skill and experience, both of which need time to develop. It is true that Short Brothers employed many semi-skilled men on the "Empire" flying-boats which have proved such an outstanding success, but all civil aircraft are more straightforward than military types. The call for R.A.F. aircraft built in Canada is welcome, but the talk of building in the States has raised considerable protest. Either we can complete our programme according to time schedule or not. If the answer is in the negative, then no vested interests should be allowed to interfere. Incidentally, it was Blackburns who first mooted the idea of Canadian construction; their flying-boats are now being built on the Clyde. The situation in the matter of personnel is much happier than that with aircraft. The Royal Air Force to-day offers an attractive career to any young man, for the Service is not solely a profession of arms. In addition to teaching a man to fly in the

(Continued on page 206)

Colby

At an air-mail halt in the Southern Sudan. The Handley Page liners, of which "Hengist" is one of eight, have been in continuous service for more than six years. They are now used as overland reserves for the flying-boats

Three Percivals, type Q.6, for owner-pilots. From top to bottom, owners are Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord Londonderry and King Gahzi of Iraq

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Passengers boarding a Birkett air-taxi at Heston, where the company has its headquarters. This particular "Dragonfly" has been flown many thousands of miles on special charters

There are 5000 apprentices at the R.A.F. training school, Halton. The boys in this group are learning how to start the Rolls-Royce engine of a "Hart"

Air Power *(Continued from page 204)*

finest schools, a dozen specialist subjects are included and any short-service officer or airman pilot can qualify for something which will be useful later in civil life.

The Cadman Charter

WITH the conclusions reached by the Cadman Committee, no one could quarrel. What we need to know is the policy of the Air Ministry, so that the recommendations are carried into effect. An additional £1,500,000 a year is being allocated for civil aviation. This should be spent in the first year on research and development of new types. Imperial Airways has celebrated its fourteenth birthday by inaugurating two fast mail services—to India in two and a half days, and to the Cape in six days. The "Empire" flying-boats are acknowledged as the last word in comfort and safety, but bigger boats and other types are needed. The "Mayo" seaplane and the de Havilland "Albatross" will cross the Atlantic this summer, but the company should have much more latitude in the selection of aircraft for the near future. Refuelling in the air and catapulting are technical refinements—if successful, they are available to all. Civil aviation needs a free hand with that million and a half which has been voted for its support. With Imperials is associated British Airways, the company entrusted with the development of our route to South America. It carries the mails to Scandinavia and is to be jointly responsible with Imperials for maintaining the entente cordiale by air with Paris.

A Five-Year Plan

PERHAPS it isn't fair to blame the Air Ministry for allowing a subsidised British company to operate with American aircraft—the Treasury takes a poor view of enterprise which entails buying in the dearest market, and the British manufacturer will undoubtedly be more expensive until there is a real demand for his civil aircraft. Meantime, British Airways is moving to Heston because Croydon is overcrowded, proof enough that air transport needs a Five-Year Plan if its growth is not to outstrip the facilities on the ground. Imperial Airways is operating the entire Empire mail service to nearly thirty countries from an open stretch of Southampton Water. Whilst such a base is perfectly safe, the loss in time for connections to all parts of the British Isles, and the loss due to improvised facilities for overhaul, will cost the taxpayer a considerable sum of money in the long run. These disabilities do not prevent the passenger from enjoying his flight in comfort and safety. Whether it's by the veteran "Heracles" to Paris, the flying-boat "Centaurus" to India, or a Lockheed to Stockholm, British efficiency earns that confidence which has made our air routes the standard by which others are judged. We don't have to think about the master-brain that conceived the aeroplane as a whole, the draughtsmen who planned it in detail, or the engineers who built it—it's enough to know that the food is good, the bar opens as soon as we leave the ground, the air is pure, and we shall arrive at our destination hours or days before the others who travel by boat and train.

At Home and Abroad

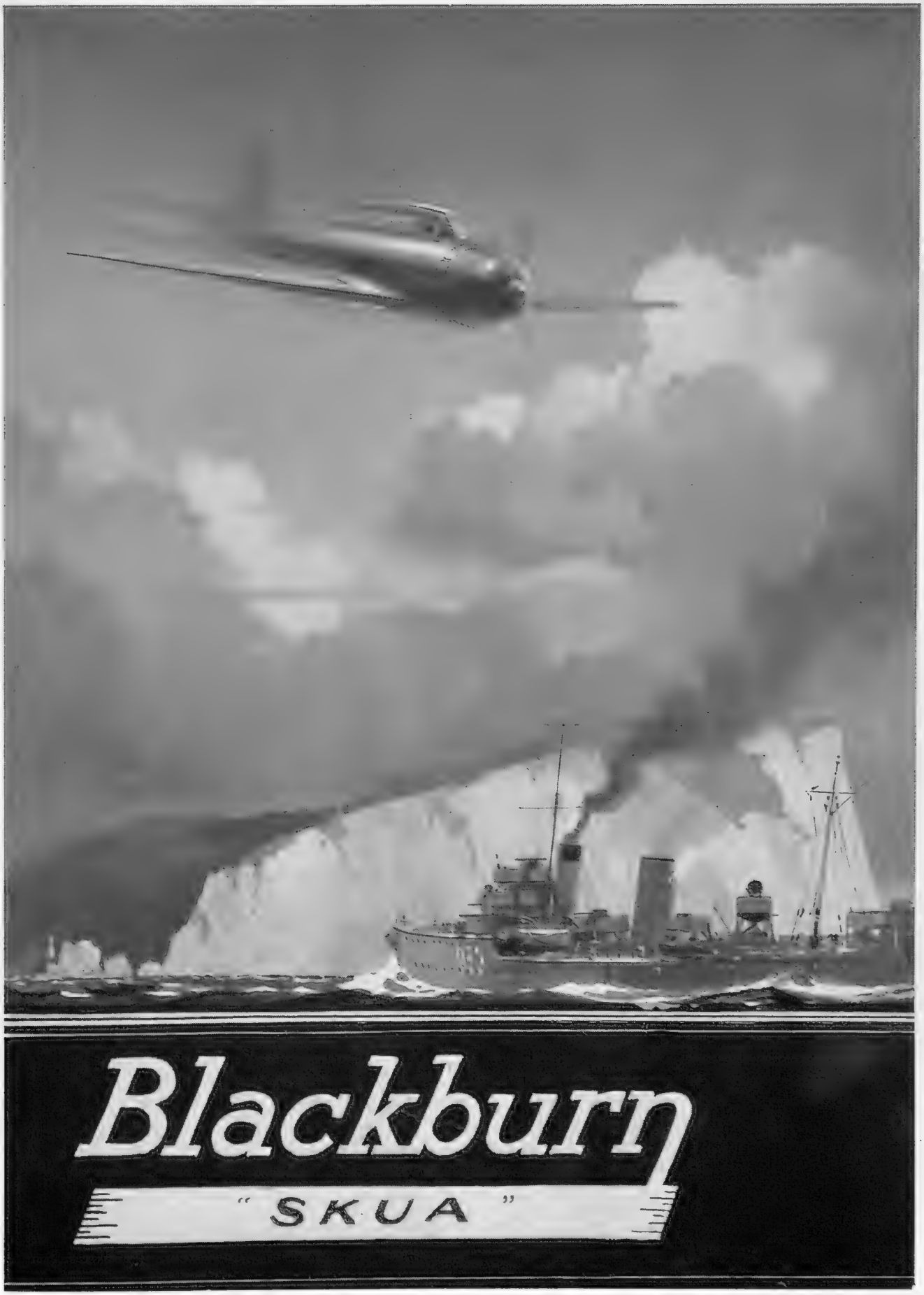
RAILWAY AIR SERVICES, formed in 1934, have flown 3,000,000 miles, and will add another million to the total this year. The aircraft—consisting entirely of de Havilland "Rapides" and the four-engined "Express"—are maintained by Imperial Airways, which company also supplies the pilots. The principal routes are from London to Scotland and Northern Ireland, with connections to the Orkneys and Shetlands; from Liverpool through the Midlands

(Continued on page 208)

"Flight"

Our cover design is an impression of the de Havilland "Albatross," built as a Transatlantic mailplane. Its cruising speed exceeds 200 miles an hour

Right, a clear view through the cabin of the Bloch 220, which is the fastest liner on the Paris route. It was put on service by Air France last month and does the journey in 75 minutes


Blackburn
"SKUA"

Rex Hayter and C. W. A. Scott at Hatfield, prior to a flight with two "Rapides" to Portuguese East Africa. Miss Joan Hughes is a flying member of the London Club

Shell aviation service keeps pace with the times. The "Bullet" refuelling a Royal Dutch "Douglas" liner at the rate of 70 gallons a minute

Air Power *(Continued from page 206)*

to the West Country and the South Coast, with connections to the Channel Islands. Altogether thirty services are in operation this summer. France being our nearest neighbour by air, it is natural that the activities of Air France should be familiar to all who fly. There is a scheduled 75-minute service to Paris by the latest Bloch liner, whilst other 'planes connect London with the Riviera, Switzerland, West Africa, and the East.

Anywhere by 'Plane

It is almost true to state that everyone flies to-day, from the King in his Airspeed "Envoy" to those of us who consult Bradshaw about the 12.30 to Paris. That International Air Guide is becoming bulky—188 pages, commencing with the R.A.S. service from London to Glasgow and ending with the time-table from New York to San Francisco. Of the local and seasonal services, those operated by Olleys should be mentioned, because the company also runs a charter business. The service to Dublin is made via Bristol twice a day, and is the only connection by air between the Free State and Britain. When the Transatlantic route is opened, there will be much movement between the two countries, and the pioneer line should benefit. Olleys also run to Deauville in conjunction with the Casino and to Le Touquet in season. Wrightways, which has an information bureau and booking office in Bush House, also operates to Le Touquet and to Paris for passengers and freight. Air tours over London cost 22s., including tea. Personal service is guaranteed. At Heston, which is London's airport on the Great West Road, there is the Birkett Air Service for taxis to all parts of the world. The "Dragonfly," a Miles "Merlin," and several cabin "Moths" are available for hire, prices ranging from 1s. 9d. a mile down to a shilling. Naples and home again in eighteen hours' flying time is typical of the service offered. Heston having been sold to the Air Ministry, the School of Flying and the Sales Department have become tenants. In spite of the rearmament season, an average of two 'planes a week are sold to owner-pilots, clubs, and air-line operators. The Miles "Monarch," a luxury two-seater illustrated last week, is available for early delivery. At the School, with Avro Cadets and Gipsy Major engines, a "Whitney Straight" and a "Leopard," rates are 50s. dual to 35s. solo for members. The Household Brigade and the Old Etonians fly at Heston. Hanworth, just four miles away and also on the Great West Road, is the headquarters of a Reserve School and a civil flying school, as well as housing several aircraft manufacturers. There are six "Moths," a "Leopard," a "Swallow" and several "Aeroncas" for hire at Hanworth, where the rates compare favourably with any school near London. The club-house is situated in the centre of an attractive garden and is a converted mansion licensed as a public hotel, with all the usual amenities, including excellent bedrooms.

Learning to Fly

Our leading school is A.S.T. at Hamble, with resident accommodation for students, three-year "B"-licence courses, and dozens of aircraft, including seaplanes and flying-boats. Learning to fly can cost anything from a ten-pound note at Leicester, where they use Taylor "Cubs," to £1000 for the equivalent of a university degree in practical aeronautics. The subsidised clubs teach flying for an average of £25. The "Moth" is still the principal school machine.

(Continued on page ii

Vickers "Valentia's" over the Citadel, Cairo. This type is used by the R.A.F. to carry troops and supplies to Palestine, Iraq, and the Sudan

Charles E. Brown

Percival "Vega Gull" and party at St. Moritz. From left to right: Richard Flower, Vernon Motion, who piloted, Andrea Badrutt, of the Palace Hotel, and Ian Williamson, owner and co-pilot

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Why not get into touch with them?

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Air Power *(Continued from page 208)*

Air Commodore Chamier, on the left, and Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe judging scale models. The former is Secretary-General of the Air League and is organising the Air Cadet Scheme

Students of London University have an Air Squadron. These pilots are studying the map before a cross-country flight in formation

What to Buy

THERE has been a restricted market for light 'planes and most factories have little which is new to offer whilst R.A.F. expansion is taking place. On the engine side, the "Gipsy" predominates, six thousand of them being in service throughout the world. The England-Australia record has been broken ten times in the last seven years, the power in each case being "Gipsy." Broadbent, the latest holder of the solo record, used a "Vega Gull." The modern product from the Percival factory is the Q6, a fast twin-engined monoplane for private owners—range is 1000 miles—equipment includes electric starters, two-way radio and direction-finding loop. The price, with two Gipsy Sixes, Series II, variable pitch airscrews and all equipment, is in the region of £4500. Of the lighter 'planes, the Miles "Majester" is popular, and in the ultra-light class the Hillson J.A.P.s are finding favour. The Straight Corporation is offering tuition on the latter for £12 10s. There are still a few "Hornets" from de Havillands, selling at £875, whilst the second-hand market for Gipsy "Moths" is a close one, any machine in good condition fetching a high price. Gliding has taken on a new lease of life this year, with many record flights created by British pilots. At the Cambridge University Camp last month, three pilots exceeded distances of 100 miles.

(Concluded on page iv)

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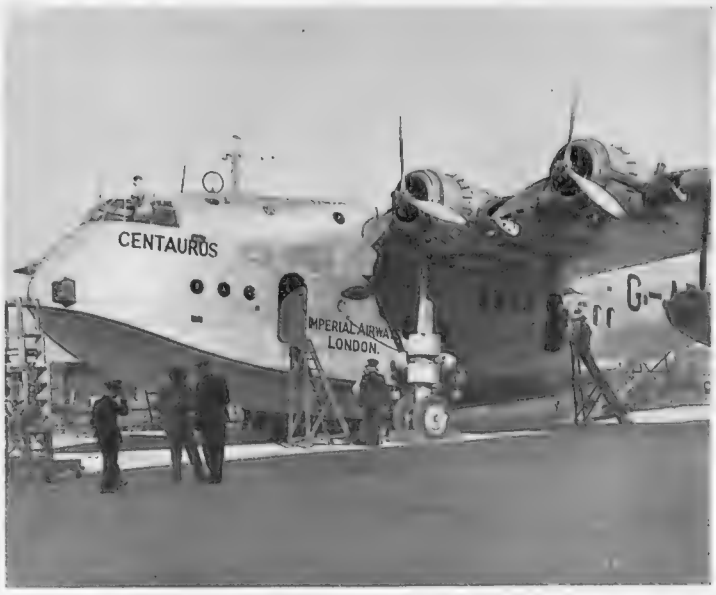
Air Power *(Continued from page ii)*

The pilot of a cross-Channel liner telephones to the Croydon Control or news before setting out to a Continental airport



"Centaurus" in dock at Southampton, being prepared for the first of the accelerated mail services to India

Equipment and Service

SAFE flying depends on so many factors, human and mechanical, but of the latter it is true to say that the modern aeroplane and its engine is even more reliable than its equivalent priced car. The system of inspection and overhaul is rigid—some say it is too strict, but the fact remains that it has created maximum safety. Everything from the dope on the fabric, whether it be "Cellon" or "Titanine," to the constitution of the metal which forms the crankshaft, is guaranteed by an inspection note. Record flights put the greatest strain on man and machine, because everything is working at maximum pressure. On Broadbent's flight, the latest before we go to press, he took Shell and therefore took the Record, whilst his engine was Castrolined with Wakefield's patent XXL. One of the factors governing civil aviation is the policy on the risk involved, and this risk is not easily assessed. Whereas the old-established insurance companies take a progressive view of flying for passengers, the pilot has a value which is known to very few. Rates vary according to experience, but the premium is decided in most cases by the British Aviation Insurance Company, a group which has accumulated knowledge of a pilot's record from the day he took his ticket. The most significant event of 1938 is Empire Air Day, May 28th, when the Service will be at home to the tax-payers and when all civil stations will stage a display for the benefit of the public.

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The Training of Pilots in the Royal Air Force *(Cont. from p. 198)*

"Flight"

Leslie Irvin, inventor of the parachute which is used by the Royal Air Force, demonstrating his flying suit, which is also standard equipment in the Service

parts of the Royal Air Force. The Auxiliary squadrons must take their place in war, side by side with the regular squadrons, and their training must be of the same standard as the rest. It says much for the enthusiasm of Auxiliary pilots that they are able to reach so high a standard by practice which is mainly carried out at week-ends and at annual camps.

OTHER pilots who must also do their training at week-ends belong to the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. This is not organised in squadrons, but is designed to produce a reserve of pilots who can fill the vacancies caused by losses in war. These pilots must not only carry out elementary training but also a large degree of Service training, as it would be of no use to create a body of pilots who could fly their machines but could not readily take their place in squadrons in time of war. Here, again, the Air Ministry has decided to make use of civil resources, and already thirty-two centres have been opened and training started. The Volunteer Reserve is still in its infancy, but it is proving a healthy and intelligent child, and the quality of the recruits coming forward for training is all that could be desired.

UNHAPPILY, the training of the Royal Air Force cannot proceed without accidents, and the greatly increased size of the Force, of which at present an abnormally large proportion must necessarily consist of inexperienced pilots, has naturally increased the total of fatalities. The vast majority of these accidents are due to failure of the human element; all that forethought can provide is done to guard against failures, and every accident is most carefully investigated to see whether any lesson for the future can be gained from it. In addition, a special branch of the Air Ministry, supervised by an expert statistician, analyses all accidents in several ways, and produces tables which give great assistance to the training authorities by showing the periods in a pilot's career at which especial care is needed, and the subjects in which more intensive training should be carried out. I think that anyone without experience of the routine of the Royal Air Force would be amazed—as I was amazed myself—to learn of the meticulous routine which has been evolved, the elaborate system of checks and counter-checks, to guard against mistakes or forgetfulness which may lead to danger. This is the fruit of constant experience and careful deduction and analysis throughout the whole history of the Service.

THE training of the Royal Air Force is the whole life of the Royal Air Force. The Royal Air Force does not watch and wait for the day when it will come into action; it is always moving into fresh fields where there is something new to be learnt and practised, and thus, if the time for action comes, it will be ready for it.

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Mothers and Daughters at Ranelagh for the Rabbidge Cup

The Veteran Women's Championship at Ranelagh was preluded as usual by the Mothers' and Daughters' medal-round for the Rabbidge Cup. This was won by Mrs. Golden (formerly Mary Beard) and her mother, Mrs. Cyril Beard, of Ferndown, with 75

Miss Graham Jones and Mrs. Graham Jones are showing their Mothers' and Daughters' score to eighty-year-old Mrs. Preston, the oldest competitor. The handicap prize was won by Mrs. Lusk and Miss Lusk

Women's Golf

Ranelagh Chiefly : By Eleanor E. Helme

RANELAGH has figured largely in the golfing picture this week, and still figures, for, at the moment of writing, there are sixteen Veterans left in their Championship. It is no use pretending that the course is at its best; none are this extraordinary spring, but that does not stop its being good entertainment, and everybody enjoys themselves unfailingly there—which matters most of all.

Fairway and Hazard's Ranelagh Open Meeting is no exception. You may miss the glamour of international teams and the heart-burnings of Pearson Cup, but these things had grown to be a farce, and a straightforward individual open meeting fills the needs of the present generation much better. The day began with a general impression of everybody playing badly, but it was an erroneous one, for Miss Pam Barton and Miss Dix Perkin tied for the scratch prize with 71, which, all things considered, was pretty good, and Mrs. Manisty was only prevented from having a really phenomenal net score by taking three putts on very nearly half the total number of greens. Even so, she had a net 65. Everybody was delighted to see Miss Janet Jackson winning the scratch prize in the second division with 81. That may not sound much to boast of, for somebody who has been Irish Champion umpteen times, but when you consider how dangerously ill she was a year ago, and that it is years since she was able to play any competitive golf at all, this seems a very wholesome beginning again, which promises better to come. Maybe she and Mrs. King will yet achieve their life's ambition of winning BYSTANDER Foursomes, as well as of being oldest inhabitants thereof.

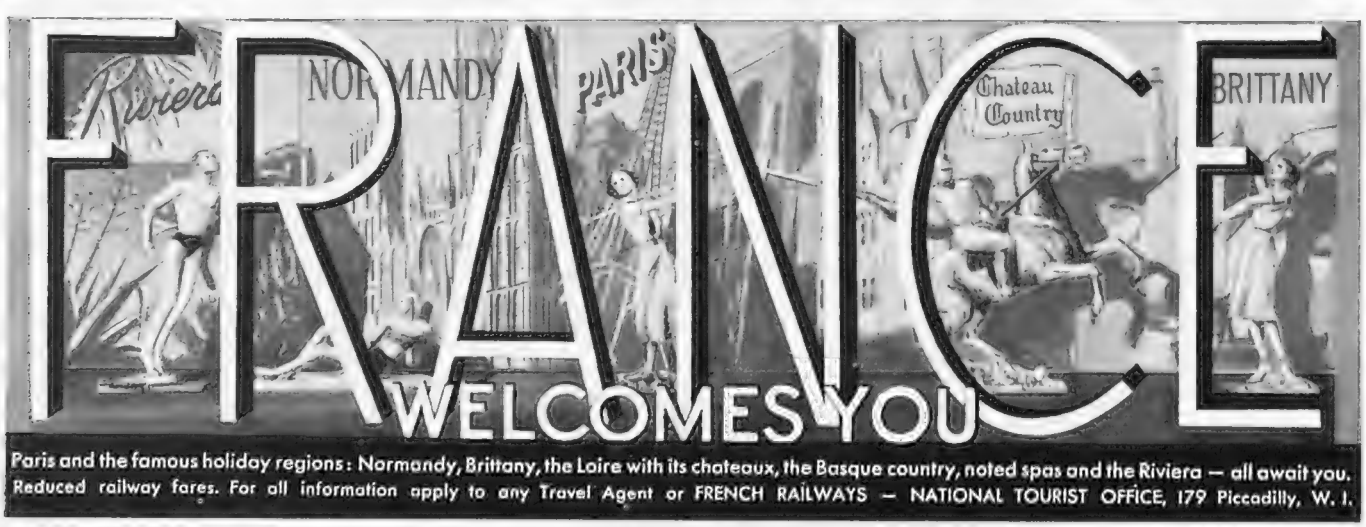
THE next Ranelagh occasion was Mothers and Daughters, annual prelude to the Veterans' Championship. Some lucky mothers have a choice, and Mrs. Beard could certainly sing "How happy could I be with either," since she won the scratch challenge salver with daughter Mary in 1936, daughter Kitty in 1937, and now in 1938 with daughter Mary again, otherwise Mrs. Golden. Not many single-figure mothers have lower handicaps than their daughters: Mrs. Beard's is 4, Mrs. Golden's 6. Their 75 gross was good golf, and they won because they had the gumption to realise that pitching was impossible, running up the only safe method of approach. Mrs. and Miss Lusk put in a grand $83-21\frac{1}{2}=61\frac{1}{2}$, their 37 home being a remarkable achievement for players of that handicap. Mrs. Barton was a little more than Mervyn could carry, and the poor Garnhams met with a real disaster, for Mrs. was hit hard on the head by a ball, and had to retire literally hurt, to wit, with slight concussion.

THE Veterans' Championship is such a delightful, friendly gathering; hardly anybody looks grim or makes a business of anything except enjoying themselves. The skies appeared ready to fall, the cold was intense, but Mrs. Rabbidge had a brazier in front of the tent, and a word of cheer for everyone. Miss Chambers was hitting the ball extremely well that first day; Mrs. Blake Smith, newcomer to this Championship, had some astonishing figures; Mrs. Beard was impressive; Mrs. Rowand-Harker put out a fellow ex-Vet.-Champ. in Mrs. Hugh Smith, who could not stand up to that croquet stance putting; Mrs. Jeken won her morning match at the twenty-sixth, no sooner; and there I must leave them, or there will be no space left for some very interesting county golf.

IT was a real treat to see Mrs. Garon and Miss Pam Barton play each other twice in a day, and produce such good golf; Miss Barton's the best I, personally, have seen her playing this year. Mrs. Garon had always made a habit of beating Miss Barton, and in the morning she kept it up, though only by getting a great 4 at the twentieth. She was four over fours for those twenty holes. In the afternoon Miss Barton turned the tables, winning 3 and 1, and only two over fours for the seventeen. In the morning their better ball was three under fours; in the afternoon exactly the same. Surrey beat Essex in both matches, but, speaking individually, the most gallant performance of the whole day was Miss Holt's morning win, for she was 6 down and 7 to play, and won on the last green.

Middlesex only played one match against Kent at Stanmore, and won it by 5 to 2; though some of the margins were near enough for the visitors to feel that a very little would have turned the result the other way. The two new champions fought tooth and nail, with games of very similar character, for twenty long holes, before Mrs. Eberstein won for Middlesex from Miss Mackenzie. There was some good chipping and putting in that game, though for length you had to fall back to the other matches, notably to the one in which Miss Oswald (Joan the Giant Killer her side call her this year) was beating Mrs. Beck 4 and 3

The county situation down south is still uncertain.



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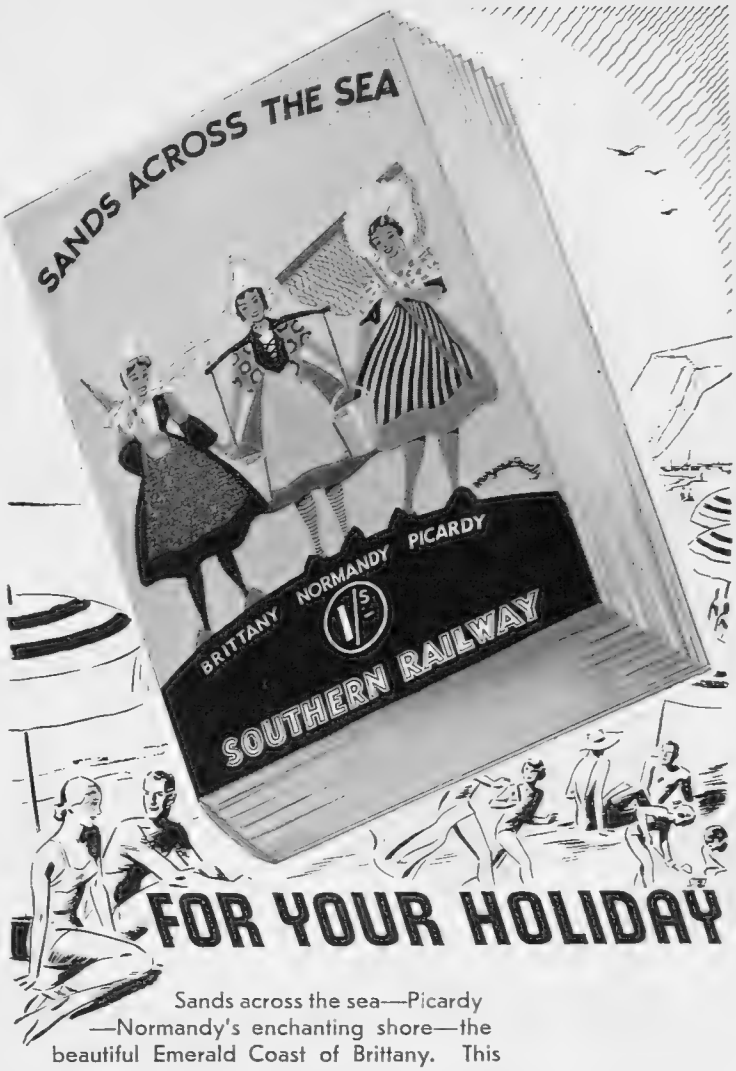

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The Fly on the Microphone *(Continued from page 162)*

about getting to my audition, when he turned up and started right away with the taxi scene. It all went very smoothly. We rehearsed it a couple of times, and I could see the director was noticing my work. Then they got under way with the light and angles, but at last he said, "Now we 'll take," so I knew whatever happened we couldn't be very much longer. They started the camera and the sound apparatus and took the scene, and I thought it went very nicely. The director shouted "Cut!" and all the lights went out and there was a long pause while the first assistant had a telephone conversation with someone called Bill, out of sight in the sound van.

"There was some sort of noise," came Bill's verdict. "Is there a fly on the mike?"

Well, everybody knows that a fly on the mike is quite a disaster, because, just flying around, the sound of its wings is magnified so many times that you can hear it on the screen very loud, and every time it lands on the mike its feet make a sort of bang which would be recorded and reproduced to the great British public unless they retook the shot.

Everyone sat back and took a breather while the third assistant and the assistant property-man and a boy from the sound crew got together and started to round it up. This took quite a time, but in the end one of them landed it a knock-out with the *Daily Express*, and the clapper-boy put his foot on it and they got back to business.

"O.K.!" shouted the first assistant. "Back to your positions, please. . . . Run 'em up, Joe. . . . Ready, Sound? . . . Camera. . . . Action!"

We went through the scene again, and although the bit where I had to smile dazzlingly did not seem to me to be quite so spontaneous, they seemed quite satisfied with it until word came back from the sound van that there had been another fly, and the shot was spoilt!

The boys got after it again with their folded-up newspapers and a couple of swatters the property-man had by him, and this time they brought it down fairly soon, but, even so, what with putting the lights on and off and waiting for the reports and everything, we had wasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, and I knew the audition would be beginning by now, and I was nearly at my wits' end. However, if we got straight through now without retakes and they let me go, I might still catch the four-twenty if I did not stop to take off my make-up. Well, at the end of that shot it turned out there had been another fly!

The fly-killing unit was getting to be quite organised by now, and they were on to it like a bird, but the director was getting quite angry, and he said, "Someone better stand by with a swatter to watch the mike, and the minute a fly shows up they better say so and stop the shot, because it is no good just going on and on." So they fixed the property-man's assistant standing there with a swatter, and every time, just as they were going to take a shot, he would say, "Excuse me, sir, I think there 's a fly," and then they would all start to kill it.

There had been five more flies, and it was quarter to seven when all of a sudden the assistant said, "Excuse me, sir, but there seems to be a smear of something on the mike. It might be jam, sir."

The director let out a flow of quite frightful language, and then he started to have an inquiry, but nobody seemed to remember having put any jam on the microphone, and he could see it wasn't getting him anywhere, so he had it cleaned off, and they shot the scene and everything was all right except my audition, which must be over by now, and I was simply furious.

When I got out, the Rookway Studios unit had packed up for the day and I couldn't see any sign of the assistant who had been going to run me home if I didn't get off early, so I went along to the parking-place and his car was gone; so I realised he must have thought I had left early, like I had hoped. Dave came out and started up his midget, so I said, "You might as well run me up to town as not, now, so long as you will stop at the first telephone-box so that I can put a call through to see what has happened to the part."

He said "Jump in," and took me to the nearest box and I 'phoned up the theatre office. Yes, they said, the part was fixed now: they had engaged Jenny Lindsay, and if I would write in they would file my name and particulars for future reference. I said "Damn!" and went back to the car, and Dave had just taken out from his pocket several matchboxes that had one or two holes punched in them, like schoolboys would use to carry caterpillars or anything. He started up the car as I got into it, and he said, "Well, how 'd it go?"

So I said, "They have given the part to Jenny Lindsay."

"Oh," he said, tipping the matchboxes one by one over the side of the car, "that is very interesting to me, because, you see, Jenny Lindsay is the girl who I am going to marry."

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (15th Year)

At Nairn Golf Club,

JUNE 7 to 10, 1938

Holders: Mrs. Rhodes and Miss L. B. Clark.

Entries close Friday, May 20th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

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ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, by **Friday, May 20th, 1938.**

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Nairn Golf Club, June 7th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Nairn with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 3rd to her at Golf Links Hotel, Nairn. Telephone or Telegrams: Nairn 39.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 20th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTELS

Golf Links Hotel, Nairn: 15/6 per day inclusive. Telephone 39. This will be Miss Helme's address from June 5th; also Golf View, 18/- per day single, 16/6 per person double. Royal Marine, 13/6. Windsor Hotel from £3.10.0 a week single. Clifton Private Hotel from £3.13.6 a week single.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Nairn during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d., first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings of the Week

Vining — Meade

Captain John Lionel Vining, Devonshire Regiment, son of the late Rev. F. W. and Mrs. Vining, of Kenn, Devon, and Elizabeth Mary Meade, daughter of Major and Mrs. Harry Meade, of Farley Court, Reading, Berks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Barker — Maudslay

Capt. Gordon Kenward Barker, 4/7th Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenward S. Barker, of Watchberry, Barford, Warwick, and Margaret Maudslay, daughter of the late R. W. Maudslay and Mrs. Maudslay, of Foxhill, Broadway, Worcs., were married at Chipping Norton

Putnam — Tagart

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between James Eric Putnam, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Putnam, of Farringdon House, near Exeter, and Ursula Tagart, daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Harold Arthur Lewis Tagart, 15th the King's Hussars, and the late Lady Tagart

Whittington — Hance

Charles Richard Whittington, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whittington, of Goring Heath, Oxon, and "Jackie" Hance, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hance, of Malvern Equitation School, Worcs., were married at the Priory Church, Malvern

Ware — Gordon-Smith

Dudley A. W. Ware, of 110, St. Mary Abbott's Court, W., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ware, of Rustington Hall, Sussex, and Muffet Gordon-Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon-Smith, of Walhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex, and St. Ermin's, S.W.1, were married at St. Peter's, Cowfold

Ferrand — Stapylton

Geoffrey W. Ferrand, of Bilton Dene, Harrogate, Yorks., married Catherine Stapylton at Myton Church, near York. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel M. J. Stapylton and Mrs. Stapylton, of Myton Hall, Helperby, Yorks.

Chamen — Lawrence

Gerald Paul Chamen and Joyce Frances Lawrence were married at St. Paul's, Bentley, Essex. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Chamen, of Millfield, Brentwood; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. N. Lawrence, of Pilgrims Hall, Brentwood, and both families are closely connected with the Essex Union. The best man was Mr. G. D'O. Sheppard

At St. Albans, Tattenhall, Cheshire, Joseph Gurney Fowell Buxton, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Buxton, of Easneye, Ware, and Smoo Lodge, Durness, Sutherland, married Elizabeth Langley Barbour, eldest daughter of the late Major Robert Barbour and Mrs. W. Hamilton Carter, of Bolesworth Castle, Tattenhall

Buxton — Barbour

(Continued on page vi)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Welby — Smith

Rannulf A. E. Welby, only son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alfred Welby, Royal Scots Greys, and Lady Welby, of 48, The Albany, Piccadilly, and Elizabeth Marjorie Smith, elder daughter of the late James Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Crosbie Tower, Troon, were married at Belhaven Church, Glasgow

Whitaker — Dennis

Arthur Bernard Whitaker, of Old Chalford House, Chipping Norton, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker, of Pudlicote, Charlbury, Oxon, and Sybil Lorna Dennis, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Sydney Dennis, of Down Ampney House, Glos., were married at Down Ampney Church

Stuttaford — Maynard

John Stuttaford, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stuttaford, of Stellenrust, Stellenbosch, Cape Province, South Africa, married Yvonne Doveton Maynard at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the daughter of Mrs. Doveton Maynard of Corin, Broomfield Park, Sunningdale

Lodder — Hayter

John Mundy Lodder, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lodder, of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, and Pamela Mary Hayter, elder daughter of Major J. G. Hayter, of Bishop's Mead, Farnham, Surrey, were married at St. Andrew's, Farnham

Blair — Luxmoore

The Bishop of Dover officiated at St. Martin's, Aldington, for the marriage of Charles Neil Molesworth Blair, Black Watch, son of the late Col. J. M. Blair and Mrs. Christopher Ling, of Lawnbank, Farnborough, and Elizabeth Dorothea Luxmoore, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Lady Luxmoore, of Belsington Priory, near Ashford, Kent

Williams — Darlington

Glenton Roslyn Williams, of Wilsey Downs, Cornwall, married Mary Darlington at Melling Church. She is the daughter of Colonel Sir Henry Darlington, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Darlington, of Melling Hall, near Carnforth, Lancashire

Home — Upton

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Captain Anthony Home, South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment), only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Home, of Newbridge Hill, Bath, married Ursula Upton, daughter of the late Ralph Upton and Mrs. Upton, of Lurgan Mansions, Sloane Square

Brodie — Walker

Capt. Thomas Brodie, the 22nd (Cheshire) Regt., son of the late Thomas Brodie and Mrs. Brodie, of Falstone, Northumberland, married Jane Margaret Chapman Walker at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late James Chapman Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Chapmore End, Ware, Herts.

Turle — Gray

Rear-Admiral (ret.) Charles Edward Turle, D.S.O., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Turle, of Hindhead, and Jane Gillies Gray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, of Wemyss Bay, Renfrewshire, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

(Concluded on page F)

Raised embroidery forms a clever border to this smart all-day costume dress. In Black/White, Navy/White, Lido/White, Dusky Pink/Navy. Sizes 34in. to 44in. hip. **5½ Gns.**

HAT in white straw with smocked petersham ribbon. **39/9**

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Getting Married (Continued from page D)

Catherine Bell

Pearson — Addison

Blackwell — Rodwell

Robert David Blackwell and Cecilia Rodwell were married at Holbrook Church, Suffolk. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Blackwell, of Englewood, Hatch End, Middlesex, and hers are Sir Cecil and Lady Rodwell, of Woodlands, Holbrook

Dr. John Erskine Pearson, of Levlis, Gerrard's Cross, only son of Sir Herbert and Lady Pearson, and Dr. Ruth Mary Addison, only daughter of Admiral Sir Percy and Lady Addison (31, Kensington Court, W.8), were married at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Pearse — Spicer

Flt.-Lieut. Richard Pearse, R.A.F.O., of Whitmead, Tilford, Surrey, and Dorothy Spicer, the well-known airwoman, daughter of the late Norman Spicer, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Brompton

A Correction

On page C in the April 20th issue we stated that Lt. Edward Finch-Noyes was the son of Colonel C. R. Finch-Noyes and the late Hon. Mrs. Rankine. Lt. Noyes' mother was the late Hon. Mrs. James Rodney. We much regret this mistak.

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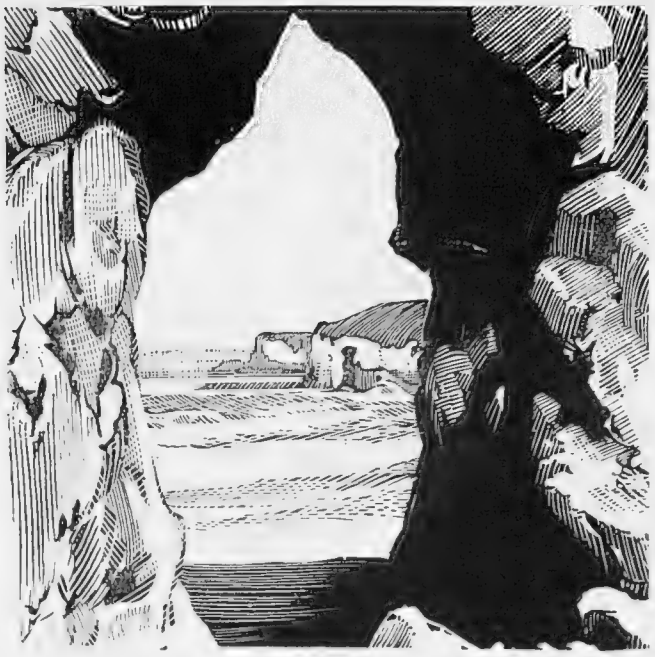

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The resorts are as attractive as their names—Ballycastle, Bundoran, Larne, Portrush, Rosapenna, Rostrevor, Warrenpoint, and inland you will tread the romantic streets of quaint little towns and listen to the strange tales they tell in this delightful holiday country of myth and legend. And if you golf or fish, your friends will thrill to hear of your experiences.

The North of Ireland is easily and comfortably reached. There are five fast sea routes and Cheap Tickets by L M S via Heysham—Belfast, Stranraer—Larne, Liverpool—Belfast (B.S.S.); Holyhead—Kingstown; Liverpool—Dublin (B. & I.); and on the other side a comfortable and efficient service of trains on the L M S (N.C.C.); G.N.R. and County Donegal Railways.

Get a copy of the Illustrated Folder "Ireland for the Holidays" (free), and write to Traffic Manager, G. N. R (Ireland), Belfast, or Manager, L M S-N C C Railway, York Road, Belfast, for comprehensive guide to resorts and hotels, and booklet of Northern Ireland Tours.

STAY AT HOTELS OF DISTINCTION
L M S HOTELS: Portrush, *Northern Counties;* Belfast, *Midland;* Larne, *Laharna (Tourist).* G.N.R.(I) HOTELS: Bundoran, *Great Northern;* Rostrevor, *Great Northern;* Greenore, *North Western.*

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Small Size—Third Floor

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 4—May 10

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

APRIL CLOUDS.—Children growing up and mother growing old are the themes of this almost too strong domestic comedy: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ELIZABETH.—André Josset's play is a guess at the strange tale of old Elizabeth and young Essex, capably played by Lilian Braithwaite and Anthony Quayle: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Immaculate throughout, this production has Gielgud as Shylock, Quartermaine as the Merchant, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, superb décor by Motley: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—Anmer Hall's presentation of Shaw has Gillian Scaife, Stanley Lathbury, Lydia Sherwood, Alexis France and John Wise; produced by Michael McOwan: Westminster, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 104.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AS HUSBANDS GO.—As plays go, this is not good enough for Hugh Wakefield and Jeanne de Casalis; domestic triangular plot: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THREE BLIND MICE.—An amusing little piece about three independent girls, Diana Beaumont, Dorothy Hyson, Rene Ray: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

MONEY TALKS.—Seymour Hicks and Jane Carr in the former's presentation: Lyceum, to-night, 4th.

PÉLISSIER FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, Thurs., 5th.

MARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.—Leonora Corbett and Henry Edwards lead the cast: Phœnix, Tues., 10th.

CINEMAS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Plaza.

THE DRUM (British).—Something about this film is very attractive, whether Sabu, Ramond Massey, Valerie Hobson, fine technicolour shots of North-West Frontier country or an exciting tale, we can't say: Odeon.

EASY MONEY (American).—Another racket is exposed—this time the false insurance claim—in this exciting film: London Pavilion.

L'EQUIPAGE (French).—Annabella and Jean Murat in this revival are supported by *Aren't Men Beasts* with Hare and Drayton: Studio One.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (American).—Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in another scenic sing: Empire.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT (American).—A typical topical pseudo-documentary film of arms smuggling in China; Dolores del Rio and George Sanders: Gaumont.

JEZEBEL (American).—Bette Davis and Henry Fonda are quite good in this mixed picture of plague-time in New Orleans: Carlton.

LOVE AND HISSES (American).—Simone Simon, Walter Winchel, Ben Burney in a comedy: Regal (last two days).

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—The excellent satire on U.S. newspaper stunts with Carole Lombard and Fredric March: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OYSTER PRINCESS (German).—Herman Thimig, Gusti Wolf in a film operetta with the Berlin State Opera orchestra: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

Premiere

PENITENTIARY (American).—Jean Parker and Walter Connolly in this film show in aid of the London and Middlesex Territorial Cadets; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be present: Regal, Thurs., 5th, 8.30.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

(Last week we incorrectly stated that the Season ended on April 30th.)

BORIS GODUNOV.—To-night, 4th, 7.45.
LES RENDEZVOUS, CHECKMATE, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 5th, 8.30.
LA BOHÈME.—Fri., 6th, 8.
LES SYLPHIDES, LE ROI NU, CASSE-NOISETTE, Act III.—Sat., 7th, 2.30.
BORIS GODUNOV.—Sat., 7th, 7.45.
GALA BALLET PERFORMANCE in aid of the Lilian Baylis Memorial and Ballet Funds, including first performance of THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.—Tues., 10th, 8.30.

COVENT GARDEN:

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Wed., 4th, 7.45.
ELEKTRA.—Thurs., 5th, 8.45.
DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.—Fri., 6th, 8.
ELEKTRA.—Mon., 9th.
DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL.—Tues., 10th, 8.30.

MUSIC

MYRA HESS AND JELLY D'ARANYI.—A recital of sonatas by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Dohnanyi: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 7th, 3.

RICHARD TAUBER.— A recital of Lieder by Schubert, Grieg, Franz, Wolf, Liszt, Richard Strauss, Tauber: Queen's Hall, Sun., 18th, 3.

THEATRE CONCERT.—Three soloists and the Haigh Marshall orchestra under Mosco Carner, in a Mozart concert: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 8th, 8.30.

YEHUDI AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN.—Sonatas by Bach (No. 3 in E major), Beethoven (No. 10 in G major), and Pizzetti (in A): Queen's Hall, Mon., 9th, 8.30.

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Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Though we are all hoping for a long and warm summer, it is as well to be prepared for cool days when an ensemble rather than a silk dress is indicated. A charming model in blue and white is shown above from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The dress is carried out in a light navy-blue moss crêpe with a printed top and short puff sleeves. It is cut on very simple lines with shirring across the front to give a slender waistline. The finger-tip coat in printed crêpe is loose-fitting with three-quarter-length sleeves. It is edged with the plain material and is notable for the clever way in which the spots are graduated. A bunch of mixed sweet peas adds a telling touch of colour, and the price is only eight and a half guineas, which sounds almost too good to be true. Blue and white is a favourite as well as a most becoming colour-scheme this season. It is again introduced in a printed cloqué suit for six and a half guineas, with a small neat flower design. The jacket is close-fitting with a military collar and a sliding fastener, while the skirt is straight

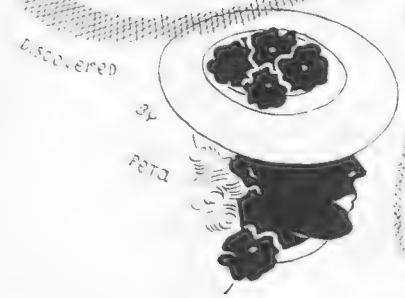
Infinite Variety

The new season's hats are as varied as the flowers which trim them, and no woman need groan with despair even if she is hard to suit. Like a "salade Russe," there seems to be a little of everything. Berets, now a favourite perennial, are especially fashionable in white or coloured petersham. Sometimes they are pierced with a quill and sweep forward, or else they are covered with veiling which ties in a fluffy bow behind. More often than not, however, they have a backward tilt and follow the lines of a halo. Victorian poke bonnets are another revival and will doubtless be seen at Ascot. The model on the left in natural straw with black velvet strings comes from Gorringe's, in Buckingham Palace Road. It is both captivating and demure with its mixed flowers tucked under the brim

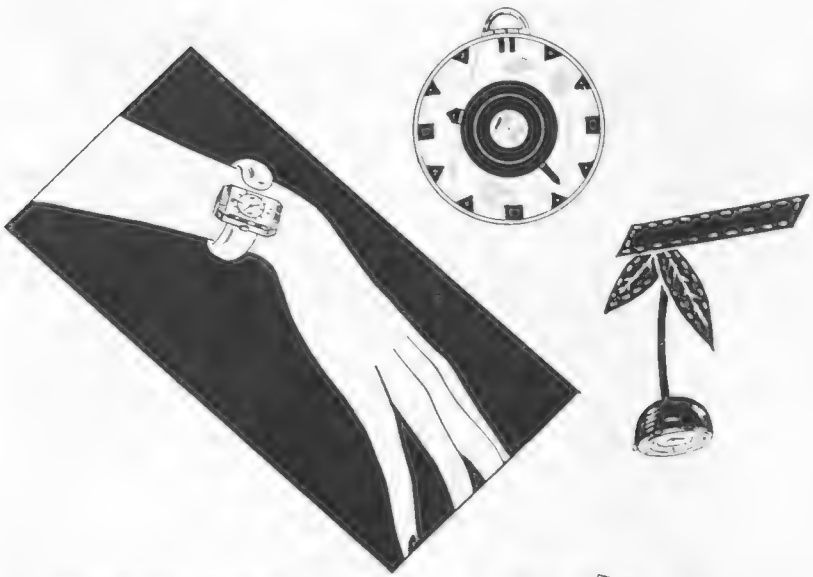
Scott Bushe

Crowns fluctuate almost as much as stocks and shares, and though they are falling steadily just now, any day may bring a sharp rise. As it is, several new models show either a flower-pot or a turreted crown, both of which suggest height. Fabric hats are in the news, and particularly turbans draped in Oriental fashion. They are very effective made of chiffon-weight jersey in four or more vivid and directly contrasting colours. For those who appreciate a little bit of nonsense, there is the hat on the left composed of mixed anemones, two shades of ribbon and blue veiling. It is quite enchanting and comes from Gorringe's together with the hat on the right. This is in silver straw with bunches of cornflowers and veiling to soften the brim

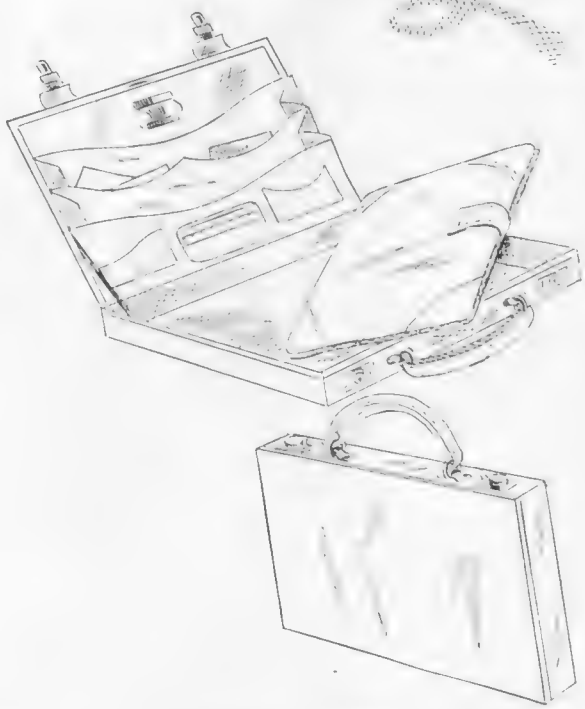
The Bystander Twins in search of Presents



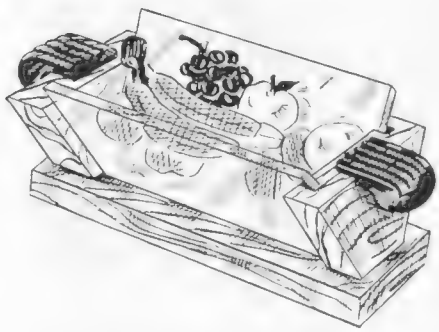
An excellent present for a man would be the medallion watch below in crystal with a narrow rim of gold. It is perfect for evening as it is so flat and easily carried. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have it together with the fob watch sketched. This looks like a real cherry and is most attractive in coloured leathers



This expanding bracelet is covered in morocco leather and has a small steel watch set at a convenient angle. It costs seven pounds ten at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and is ideal to wear with tweeds as it is plain and unobtrusive. The watch keeps excellent time



People who are obliged to write numerous letters will appreciate this travelling writing case from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. It is made of pigskin and is fitted with pockets for letters and papers, as well as a movable blotter. Being so flat it is easily carried or packed, and it only costs four pounds ten



It is always good to find something new for the house, and Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are full of ideas in their gift department on the ground floor. To carry fruit they are showing this unusual trough for twenty-five and sixpence. It is made in satin walnut and has glass sides

Next time you are looking for a practical and inexpensive present, choose one of Swan and Edgar's hand-painted trays. They are made of papier maché with attractive coloured designs, and cost half a guinea. The one sketched is round but there are other shapes

There is nothing more refreshing than a glass of beer after a round of golf, and it will taste twice as good served in these pottery beer mugs from Swaine and Adeney. They are available in two sizes at 8s. 6d. and 12s. 6d., hand-painted with hunting or fishing scenes. The jug will hold a quart and costs a guinea

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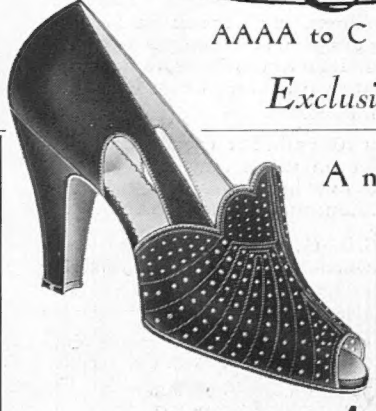

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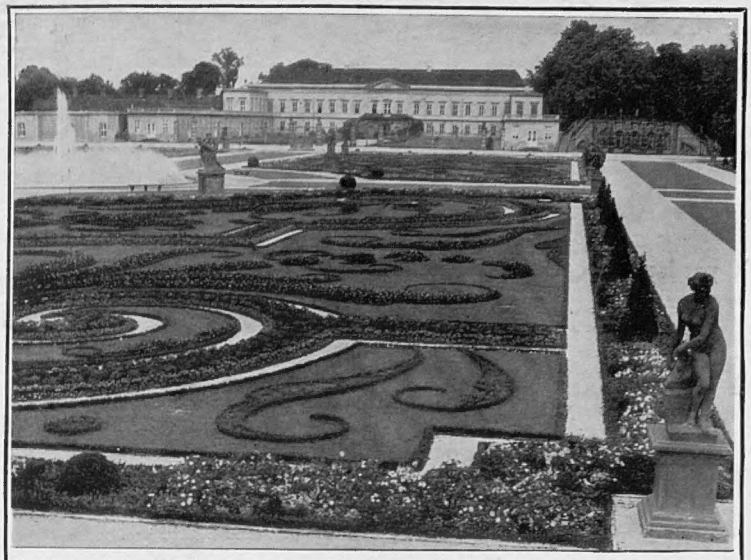

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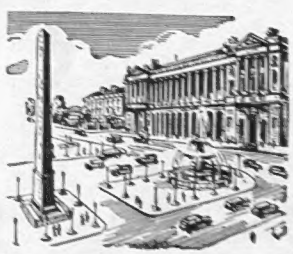

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